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### CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . . . .	349	MIDDLE ARTICLES :		CORRESPONDENCE (continued) :	
LEADING ARTICLES :		The Authorised Version . . . . .	360	The Copts in Egypt. By Kyriakos	
The Gospel of Arbitration . . . . .	352	Memories of a Cathedral.—III. By		Mikhail . . . . .	366
Lord Curzon's Motion . . . . .	353	Filson Young . . . . .	361	"Veritas" and Christian Science. By	
"I Know Nothing of Agriculture" . . . . .	354	A Note on the Salting Collection. By		"Veritas" and A. K. Venning . . . . .	366
Italy After Fifty Years . . . . .	355	Prof. Selwyn Image . . . . .	362	REVIEWS :	
Art Treasures and the Nation . . . . .	356	Richter and Others. By John F.		Letters of a Clever Woman . . . . .	367
SPECIAL ARTICLE :		Runciman . . . . .	362	A Superior Person Abroad . . . . .	367
The Party System. By Harold Cox . . . . .	357	A Play about America. By "P. J." . . . . .	363	Amateur Archaeology . . . . .	368
THE CITY . . . . .	358	The University Crews. By Alister G.		Hottentots and Kafirs . . . . .	370
INSURANCE :		Kirby . . . . .	364	SUPPLEMENT.	
The Star Life . . . . .	359	CORRESPONDENCE :		POPULAR FLOWER BOOKS . . . . .	iii
		Suffragettes and the Census. By		NOVELS . . . . .	iii
		Emily Wilding Davison . . . . .	365	SHORTER NOTICES . . . . .	v

We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

When someone suggested in the House of Commons the other day that Mr. Haldane was going to the Lords, he shook his head: that was his excessive modesty—all modest politicians dissent from the idea of being honoured thus, though we never have heard of one who could blush over it. Mr. Haldane will bring to the House of Lords an ability one may best describe perhaps as voluminous. Mr. Haldane is a library of argument. He thinks and speaks even as much as Sir Charles Dilke knew.

Apparently the House is to take a short holiday at Easter and a long one at Whitsuntide. How the course of the Parliament Bill will be affected is not quite easy to gauge. Will it get to the Lords by 1 May? It seems hardly possible in spite of Mr. Asquith's early statement. But the talked-of long holiday from 25 May to 25 June seems intended to cover the time when the Lords will be engaged on the Parliament Bill. Then, when will the crisis be reached? If the Lords stick hard to the Bill all through May, the witching hour might come just with the Coronation, which would be unhappy. The idea of the five hundred peers—the foreign bodies—is plainly beginning to pall on some of the Liberals. They will like it less when the hour comes. But perhaps it will not come, even though the Lords do not give way.

It is so difficult to conceive Mr. Walter Runciman as Goliath or as a giant of any kind that one hesitates to describe Mr. Hoare as David, but he has certainly planted his stone right in the middle of Mr. Runciman's forehead. It will be interesting to see what weapon he will use to cut off his head. Mr. Runciman can hardly recover from the parliamentary damage he has suffered; and we are bound to say he ought not to. Almost in the same breath the Minister for Education is

convicted of disloyalty to his political professions, disloyalty, in truth treachery, to a permanent official of his own department, and gross insolence to a member of the House. Mr. Hoare admitted at once, in the beginning of his speech, that he was dealing from a document marked "Confidential", but how could there be any question of confidence when the document had already been cited in two newspapers? Mr. Runciman's helplessness came out in the vulgar fact that Mr. Hoare had been raking in waste-paper baskets. The floored man clutches mud.

The position was a peculiar one. A high official of the Board of Education—Chief Inspector, in fact—wrote a memorandum for circulation amongst divisional inspectors as to the status of local inspectors appointed by county education authorities. These local officials were freely criticised, and the ideal of appointing men of a different type—Oxford and Cambridge men—was held up. Elevated elementary teachers especially were marked down. Obviously, this ideal does not go well with Radical professions; and Mr. Runciman, confronted with the circular in public, threw over its author, Mr. Holmes, with abject alacrity. He had not the decency even to pretend departmental harmony, nor make any defence of his own subordinate. He violated all the best departmental traditions. More contemptible cowardice no Cabinet Minister has ever shown. And there is a little question of honesty. One would like to know a little more as to Mr. Runciman's connexion with this circular. It was easy to make a scapegoat of Mr. Holmes, who would not imitate his chief by giving him away.

Our indignation at Mr. Runciman's cowardice is the greater that we sympathise absolutely with Mr. Holmes' view. He was entirely right, and serving the highest educational purpose, in writing what he did. Everybody independently interested in elementary education knows that the weak link is the teachers, whom Mr. Holmes described with striking accuracy as mostly "uncultured and imperfectly educated, many of them, if not most, creatures of tradition and routine". In saying this Mr. Holmes was putting his finger on one of the weakest spots in the system, not less weak because dangerous for a politician to mention in public. These

teachers are necessarily not often fit for the work of inspectors. Oxford and Cambridge men are better in every way for it. Mr. Holmes told the truth, and the House of Commons could not bear it; all save only Sir William Anson. We regret and are surprised that Mr. Hoare, himself an Oxford man of mark, not only failed to support Mr. Holmes but denounced his suggestion that University men, rather than elementary teachers, should be made inspectors. The N.U.T. must have laughed a bitter laugh when they heard this.

The Unionist policy in religious education is now pretty clear—it is denominational on the basis of parental choice. Mr. Balfour put this beyond all doubt in his speech at the Mansion House on Thursday on the centenary of the National Society. "I have always looked forward to the time when it would be found possible to give in our public elementary schools to every child . . . the religious teaching which the parents of that child desire. It is to that goal that I look forward". This leaves little room for the "something which is to be called the common essence of all Christian creeds"—Cowper-Temple religion. Mr. Balfour very well showed up the "sloppiness" of the talk against dogmatic teaching.

The Liberal party is not going to wait for a referendum on the question of paying itself out of the public pocket. The Liberal party thinks that the last thing on earth which ought to be put straight to the taxpayer is this: "Are you in favour of paying us out of your own pockets a comfortable salary for the rest of our parliamentary lives?" And this is quite easy to understand, for there is no reason in the world to doubt that the taxpayer would say "No". On the whole, this is about the most flagrant bit of jobbery that has been planned by party in this country. It is colossal.

As if the taxpayer were not already weighed down by excessive calls on his dwindling resources, he is now—without being consulted in the matter—forced to dress, feed, and drive about all the supporters of the Prime Minister. Incidentally he will have to pay the opponents of the Prime Minister in the House. The Government has been compelled to do this just to make it look plausible and fair. The cry is no longer free meals for all school children—the cry is free meals for all good Radicals and Nationalists and Socialists who can get into the House. The House is no longer only the "best club in London"; the House is the cheapest club in London into the bargain. It is to be made cheaper than Lockhart's.

It is a grand prospect for all professional politicians on the make. But it is not particularly grand for the poor clerks, for the small struggling tradesfolk, for the tens of thousands of professional men outside politics who are living from hand to mouth on two or three hundred a year. Their taxes will go up with the rest. It will be argued no doubt that the extra amount which these small people will have to contribute is of no importance—that is, it will be argued by Radicals who are well off and secure. But as a fact every penny counts distinctly to this immense class of small taxpayers whose life is a constant and sorry grind to make the two ends meet. Payment of members is a cruel device. The Unionist Party has always opposed and despised it.

It is often said there are no Conservatives to-day, that the Conservative party has ceased to be. The truth is there are plenty of Conservatives, but they find little there are allowed to conserve. The hereditary system on which English greatness and the English Constitution were built was given away in the course of an evening. The plural vote, as it has been unhappily named, is now, it seems, the special *bête noire* of many Conservatives. We do not know why Lord Selborne should make a sort of campaign against it.

Both his speeches in the country of late have touched on the plural vote, and both have given it away. Surely the plural vote can be defended on sound principles. It is a safeguard, and it is a special and admirable franchise in its way. Why not let the Radicals assail it if anyone must do so?

Even suppose the plural vote be bad in principle, it certainly ought not to be given up unless the whole system of our representation is overhauled. If we are to have one man one vote, let us bargain for one man one value. Cannot Conservatives see that if they tamely agree to give up the plural vote, the Radicals will take it, and not touch the great evil of the over-representation of Ireland? They dare not touch that evil. The Irish Nationalists would not for a moment suffer them. Besides, the Radicals do not want to reduce the number of their supporters in the House of Commons. Less Nationalists would mean more Unionists. Surely Conservatives might cease, for a time, giving away—for nothing—principles or practices which it is the special aim of the Radicals to destroy. You do not necessarily disarm the foe by casting away your own arms with a loud flourish of trumpets for them and all the world to see.

When Mr. Peel asked the Home Secretary on Wednesday a proper question about Mr. Churchill's remarks on the judges, he was answered as petulantly, obstinately, and sullenly as if it had been about the serio-comic business of the Dartmoor Shepherd. Mr. Churchill will never learn to do right. He had a glimpse when he told the deputation the conduct of the judges was for other authorities, not for him. Yet he straightway proceeded to make malicious insinuations and accusations to which, as Sir Edward Carson said, they are not allowed to reply. No wonder Mr. Asquith washed his hands of Mr. Churchill.

Shakespeare's wisest fool divided the lie into seven parts. Lord Hugh Cecil, in the "Times" on Monday, is not perhaps so subtle in his refinement of the matter; but he goes as far as an honest man may. He argues that Lady Selborne's use of Lady Lytton's name was not plain and vulgar fiction. It was fiction of a higher kind—"dramatic fiction"—the kind of fiction used by Nathan to David when he told the story of the one ewe-lamb, the kind of fiction used with delicate art by Elia in mystifying his essays. Lord Hugh's special pleading is not intended to deceive—a *jeu d'esprit*, whose disingenuous nature can mislead no one, since it is so ingenuously shown. But he should be careful; he has among certain people a name to be jesuited.

Lady Selborne wrote to the editor of the "Times": "I have received the enclosed letter from Lady Constance Lytton". She had received no such letter, and the plain man would have no difficulty in fitting a common term to her statement. Lord Hugh argues that, as this statement did not affect the substance of the letter stated to be enclosed, it was dramatic fiction, "a perfectly legitimate literary instrument", which made her argument more vivid, pointed, and interesting. A statement in the "Times" demanding the total abolition of the House of Lords would be more vivid, pointed, and interesting if signed by Lord Hugh than if signed by Mr. Hardie; and the substance of the argument would not be in the least affected by the signature. Would Lord Hugh regard the use of his name by Mr. Hardie in these circumstances as "legitimate because purely illustrative"?

A useful question was asked by Captain Craig on Wednesday in the House of Commons. Many a question is put on the paper for the purpose of giving information, and this was one of them. The question has been asked once before, but the First Lord of the Admiralty parried it. Captain Craig gave it a form this time which allowed of no evasion. "In view of the fact", Mr. McKenna was asked, "that £1,839,530



is provided in the German Navy Estimates for 1911-12 for the commencement of four armoured ships and their armaments, whether he will state what is the provision made in our Estimates for 1911-12 for the commencement of the five armoured ships proposed?" The answer was that the amount taken for the commencement of the five armoured ships in 1911-12, inclusive of guns, is £608,776. In other words, Germany is spending over three times as much on the commencement of her four ships as we propose to spend on our five. Here is the answer to the popular optimists who pretend to know that we shall have our five ships in the early months of 1914 and Germany will not.

One of the gravest reasons why we advocate more regular programmes is that the ships fall obsolete together. Ships should be replaced as regularly as they become obsolete. We can see the extraordinary fluctuations of British shipbuilding from the fact that we laid down fourteen armoured ships in 1899 and two in 1908; thirty-six unarmoured cruisers in the two years 1889-90, as compared with one in the three years 1905-7, when a steady policy of replacement was due; and, finally, seventy-nine destroyers in the three years 1894-6, as compared with eleven for the three years 1905-7, and in the three years 1909-11 we have suddenly jumped again to programmes aggregating sixty-three destroyers. We may usefully contrast the precision of the German programmes in the provision of regular numbers of each type.

After the African dinner the South African dinner—"one (barely) down t'other come on". There is a plethora of these feasts which scarcely give one another time for digestion; but we suppose they fulfil some useful end besides advertisement, and Mr. Mathers of "South Africa" (the journal), who organises the S.A. dinner, shows annually a good head of notabilities. The Duke of Connaught, as host, is always welcome, and is as felicitous about South Africa in England as he was in that dominion. He applauds in General Botha and Sir Starr Jameson a strong Premier and a strong leader of Opposition, who work in concert for South Africa, admires the sweet reasonableness of Union party politics (wherein General Hertzog is not advancing), has no doubt that the Union will study Defence and its duty to the Navy. Possibly the Duke is of those who think that if you want people to be good you must believe in them, but only good can come of his gracious commentary.

Sir Richard Solomon said, in his reply, that nothing in the romance of South Africa was better than the Duke of Connaught's visit, and we believe that its significance was deep. English and Dutch in South Africa appreciate a man, and to the older Dutchmen of the Cape Colony the fame and personality of Queen Victoria (whom they had never seen) made powerful appeal. It is a great matter, if, as we think, the Duke has strengthened that link for a younger generation, and for new subjects as well as old made the Throne an intimate, as well as reverend, rallying point. A Rhodesian paper hesitates a fear that when the King visits that country he will be greeted in the Taal. All very well in the Union, but Rhodesia needs agriculturists, not Boer squatters. Boer squatters multiply. And the Duke—"a confirmed Rhodesian" in his own words—might hustle and, if need be, help the Chartered Company in shorter cuts towards a larger British population.

The Government of India has retreated in its new version of the Seditious Meetings Act. The Local Governments have been deprived of their power to apply the Act to disaffected areas within their jurisdiction. That power is now reserved for the Supreme Government. Not only are delays and circumlocution imposed where the promptest action may be necessary, but the local authorities are weakened and discredited at a time when political crime is again on the increase. It is significant that Lord Minto left this measure for his

successor to deal with. In observations at the Guildhall and elsewhere towards the end of his term he showed mistrust of the irresolute policy imposed on him by Lord Morley. He seemed to be tired of it at last. Is Lord Hardinge going to carry it on?

The Russian Premier is without doubt in a difficult position. M. Stolypin has a distinct policy of his own; but at any moment he may be thwarted by personal intrigue in the Upper House. His bill on the South-Western Zemstvos is not so much the cause as the occasion of his resignation. His rivals were waiting, and they have taken the opportunity to trip him. The Tsar himself and the greater number of responsible statesmen in Russia are aware that M. Stolypin is the best man in the country for the post he has successfully filled for the last five years. But it will be very difficult to induce him to remain. Here is more evidence that in Russia parliamentary government is premature.

On Tuesday M. Monis had his first "scene" in the Chamber of Deputies. In reply to a Progressist member, he admitted, indiscreetly, that he "had had the good fortune to encounter an honest man". This seems to have been taken by the whole Chamber to be personal to the House, and there was an uproar. The end of it was that the Socialists voted with the Government for a piece of jobbery to which they were on principle opposed. The reason of this was given in the "Humanité" next morning. "The Government", writes M. Jaurès, "is condemned either to have no policy at all and to dissolve into nothingness, or to promote a policy of the Left—that is to say, a substantial and daring policy of social progress." The parties to the Left know that M. Monis' Government must move towards them in the end. These preliminary "humours and careers"—the creation, for instance, of a new under-secretaryship for M. Malvy—may therefore be allowed a Premier new to his responsibilities.

Meantime M. Monis has been burned in effigy, and a French deputy has harangued the people: "Refuse to pay your taxes; meet force with force." There is, in fact, unusual effervescence in the Champagne district; the red flag has been run up. It is champagne for the Champenois. The Mayor of Troyes has resigned his office in sympathy, using in effect the phrase of Tennyson: "Let all my genial spirits advance"; and the genial spirits have burned their tax-papers in the market place:

"I will not shun  
The foaming grape of Eastern France."

No bones are broken yet. It was a good-tempered demonstration, though the intention was serious.

The trouble is all about a label. The wine-growers of the Aube insist that their wine shall be called champagne, while the wine-growers of the Champagne district, as delimited by the Government, insist that it shall not. The sensible thing would be to abolish the champagne label altogether, and to leave the taster and connoisseur to value the sparkling wines of this district or that—vin de l'Aube, vin de la Marne—on their merits. The difficulty is that numbers of wealthy people do not buy the wine at all, but the label. They do not pay a higher price for the real champagne because they can appreciate the difference between wines of the Aube or the Marne; but because the label is more distinguished. There is more affectation among bon-vivants in this matter than there is in Kensington and Peckham about music and literature. What a boon it would be to many of these good people if books and pictures could be labelled by Act of Parliament as easily and authentically as champagne!

There may be an appeal to the House of Lords from the Appeal Court in the action against Sir John Benn. The legal points are these. A judge who tries a libel action must decide whether the language used can be

libellous in any circumstances. If he holds so, then the jury find whether in the circumstances there was a libel, and their verdict is conclusive. Mr. Justice Ridley left the case to the jury. The Court of Appeal decides he ought not, as whatever Sir John Benn said was not against the plaintiffs' personal character, but against their goods. The other point the Court of Appeal decided is that to be a libel on the goods—a trade libel—a special loss or damage must be proved, and the jury could not agree as to this. If the House of Lords holds the Court of Appeal is wrong on either point, the verdict will stand good. The question of special damage is interesting. If the Appeal Court is right, you may say, even untruly, that a man's goods are bad, if he can show no particular loss, and you can say so without also disparaging his character.

A new interest is added to life. Policies are to be issued at Lloyd's for insuring against loss—loss of pleasure and loss of profit—from rainy weather in the holiday season. Holidays are a gamble, and the weather calls to the holiday-maker, "heads I win, tails you lose". The insurance people, in compassion, will alter all that, and while the rain is coming down the insurance money will be coming in. Lord Charles Beresford says of weather in the Channel that it is misty in summer and foggy in winter. On land generally rain is the enemy; but some forms of holiday may need, for enjoyment, plenty of rain, or some holiday-makers may personally prefer it. There is no provision yet against fine weather; the premiums would be microscopic; but four classes of policy are not enough to provide against every variety displeasing to everybody, and the cleverest actuaries might despair.

Rembrandt's "Mill" has been removed from the walls of the National Gallery, and will doubtless soon leave the country. Even the National Art Collections Fund appears to have found the ransom this time too heavy a one to raise. Nor is it surprising. If the trustees of the National Gallery have a duty, it is to guard against the loss of such masterpieces as this. Lord Lansdowne's triumph in selling one of them for the record price hitherto obtained appears to be inconsistent with that office. If our aristocrats care so little for the treasures that have come down to them that they are ready to compete in this kind of capitulation, they should give place to men who have some love of art and energy to spend in its service.

The scheme announced for the memorial of Edward VII. is a nightmare. A statue of the King fourteen feet high, and a quantity of allegoric females besides, is terrifying enough. But why add to this a plan for the destruction of the charm of S. James's Park and of the lake? The dull work of Mr. Brock on the Queen's memorial has still to be revealed on its full scale, but surely one such experience was enough. Criticism should be allowed to have its word before such schemes are decided on. A competition of plans and models and a public exhibition before judgment would be the wholesome method. The Wellington Memorial, the work of an unknown man, is our one great success hitherto, and that was the result of a public competition.

The King was never more the representative Englishman than when he was receiving the deputation, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to celebrate the tercentenary of the Authorised Version. This noble work is remembered with our land's language as is none other nor can be; it is warp and woof of the English mind; it is largely the history of the English people. Did we not venerate it, gather round it, cherish it, as a national shrine, we should be poor Englishmen indeed. It beggars every other English translation, not least the Revised, which happily is seldom read in our Anglican churches. If any one would feel the splendour of the Authorised Version let him dip into a translation, done by someone lately, of the New Testament into the common English of to-day: he will blush for his jargon.

## THE GOSPEL OF ARBITRATION.

IF there are any who really believe in the unlimited virtue of arbitration, they would do well to silence the popular preacher and, as far as possible, to keep the subject out of the newspapers. Grant that arbitration be a new gospel, or, as its most unctuous preachers would say, an evangel, it cannot afford to be proclaimed by popular preachers, and written up by journalists hot on the scent of a sensation. Even Christianity suffers from advocacy by cant, cheap enthusiasm, and factitious advertisement. If Christianity cannot successfully resist these evil communications and associates, arbitration hardly will. Already the slime of hypocrisy is upon it and the nastiness of newspaper enterprise. Arbitration is taking the place of Standard Bread and Sweet Peas; it is a safer game than the soap-trust. All the familiar devices are in motion. Sir Edward Grey, we are told, was talking to the people. Well, seeing that he was talking very cheaply, and talking much claptrap, we can believe he was talking to the people. It is the audience most people choose when they want to say something that comes to nothing. Sir Edward Grey succeeded in diverting attention from the increase in the naval estimates, and got kudos for his Government, instead of a rap over the knuckles from their discontented followers. So ready are the simple to swallow a gaudy fly. In the prospect of the millennium everybody has forgotten the increased bill for the navy. The Press saw the makings of a sensation, and the popular preacher rose to a splendid opportunity. What more catching, what more sublime, than fine words about the message of peace between brethren across the seas? Why, it almost recalls the fine frenzy of Mr. James Douglas and his brother critics when Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Herod" (or something else) was born into the world. It is a pity Mr. Douglas called Mr. Phillips' poetry "a handful of jewels thrown against a rich arras", or it would have done so well for Sir Edward Grey's speech on arbitration. No doubt Sir Edward, in a later oration, poured a little cold water on the furor: a very good way to stimulate it.

All this humbug and all these humbugs make it difficult not to gibe. But arbitration is a serious matter; and the more is the pity that honest and sensible discussion of it has been put off at the outset. Can we not dismiss all ideas of it making a new earth, and treat it just as a proposition of statesmanship? It is nothing more. The only question is "Will it hold water?"

No doubt there is claimed for it by some honest and even sane people that it is the expression of Christianity in international relations. If one must go into principles, what is the ideal behind arbitration as now preached—the agreement between nations to submit every difference of every description, including questions of honour, of territory, of national existence itself? This means nothing but the policy of peace-at-any-price, the policy which when preached, in effect at any rate, by Gladstone every Conservative scouted. It is simply saying that war is so bad that everything is preferable to it. Disraeli said in a famous speech that there were worse things than war. The idea apparently is out of date, and the noble thing now is to fear war more than dishonour. But honour is perhaps out of date too; an obsolete term, for which only a gentleman has use. What room now for a thing only a gentleman values? True, under arbitration you may happen not to be sacrificing honour or land; luck may be with you; but in the principle there is no difference. You will risk everything rather than fight. This used not to be an Englishman's way of looking at things; but perhaps the Englishman was wrong and the Quaker's way right. But let us face the position squarely. Is it noble, is it even right, for a nation to be willing to risk everything, vitally affecting the interests of the people, on the opinion of two, three, or five men? If one is persuaded he is right, and he is the guardian and trustee of the interests of thousands, ought he to hazard those interests when he believes he has the power to defend them? This theory of arbitration rules self-defence out of court, for the court is to decide, and if it decides in your favour



there will be nothing to defend against; if it decides against you, you must still submit. If either America or this country—the case in practical question—were to make a sudden raid on the territory of the other, the country raided, under the arbitration suggested, could not resist, but must be content to refer the question to the Arbitration Court. Meantime where would the raiders be? In the actual case of the Jameson Raid, the Transvaal under such an arrangement would have had to let the raiders in first, and then appeal to the Court. It may be said, of course, that an act of war by either party puts both outside the arbitration agreement. But, if that is so, you have not done much to get rid of war, for either side must be ready for all contingencies and will not be able to let its armed forces go down in strength. And if either party refuses to observe the Court's decision, who is to compel observance? Who is to punish the wrong-doer? At once we are up against force—force remains the only ultimate sanction. Do what we will, we cannot get away from it. As a matter of moral principle, the compulsion of a Court's finding is no better or higher than the compulsion of force. It may be right or it may be wrong; it may be just or it may be unjust. Whether in the long run it is likely to be a fitter settlement for the general good is a very open question. It is not likely to be so lasting, for it may be seriously at variance with the facts of the situation. But it will avoid the awful cost of war. That is a different question. We are considering the moral merits of the two settlements and their ultimate expediency. The question of the cost (in all senses) of war is a calculation of expediency, unless it is held that war is necessarily immoral and in itself wicked; which very few of the supporters of arbitration do hold, which Christ did not preach, which the Catholic Church has never held, which Puritans by their action emphatically rejected, and which the Church of England by its articles expressly denies. Of two belligerent powers neither need be wrong or immoral: trial by force may be the only way out of an impasse.

Arbitration in the extreme form is preached as a necessary inference from Christianity. We do not know on what tenable authority; the reasoning is weak. There is no peace in the Christian sense in merely agreeing not to fight if the anger and bad feeling which might lead to fighting persists; though there be no war, there is no Christian peace-making. How about the words of Christ Himself, the Prince of Peace, "I come not to bring peace on earth but a sword"? He foresaw and said that Christianity would itself be the occasion of much war. We do not find that it has ever been the Christian view that physical war was so great an evil that any other evil was to be preferred to it. On the contrary, physical suffering and death are in the Christian view no supreme matter at all. They are light in comparison with moral and spiritual things. We find no ground for believing that Christ would have regarded an era of general international arbitration as a great moral and spiritual advance. The world at peace may be as wicked as the world at war. It may be Christian to put up with an injury, but its Christianity is not in the abstention from fighting, but in the good feeling that prompts the abstention. We know about the left cheek and about the two coats. We are not moved by the unreality—hypocrisy in plain words—which pleads in support of arbitration the literal application of words not one of those who quote them ever thinks of applying to the ordinary affairs of his daily life.

We have dwelt on the transcendental side of the question, because that side is put to the front just now by pulpit and press, especially the sciolist pulpit and the deliberately superficial press. It is putting the question, we hold, in a false position. As a practical political proposition we would all like to eliminate war, if it can be done; and if it can be done at not too great a national cost. It is just conceivable that the whole civilised world could observe a general system of international arbitration, with a vast world army and navy as police. We do not believe it could last for more than a few years,

but if it did it might eliminate war, though not armaments. The arbitration court would then be to nations what the law is to individual men, and the world-army would be the police. If it succeeded it would result in the elimination of nationality altogether, and of course patriotism would become obsolete. There could hardly be a patriotism of the civilised world. This may sound Utopian, but it is a better scheme than unlimited arbitration between any two countries by themselves. Between two countries who is to be police? Who is to enforce the court's decrees? It is easy, but not business, to assume that neither country will ever go behind or beyond the court's decrees. Is either the United States or Great Britain a nation of saints that we should suppose there would never be any strain on a system of arbitration between them? Is the record of our arbitrations with America so clean, so satisfactory, that we can expect a permanent arrangement covering every question to work well? We are very sure it would work dead against England. In the eyes of arbitrating enthusiasts that would not count. What have they to do with the interests of one country more than another? Arbitration suits the Americans extremely well. They are not organised for fighting; experience has taught them that in arbitration or joint commission, with England they nearly always score. We are nearly always scored off. The Canadians know to their cost what arbitration with the United States means. American politicians have always bluffed in the firm (and justified) belief that we would in no event fight. If they *know* this in the future, where shall we be at all? No doubt we are very wicked to suggest that America could possibly act towards us in any spirit but that of pure brotherly love; but we remember facts. Maybe we ought not to complain of American smartness; but is it our duty to arrange things exactly to suit it?

#### LORD CURZON'S MOTION.

THE House of Lords contains a group of men, ex-Ministers, ex-Ambassadors, and ex-Governors-General, with unique qualifications to speak on the international relations of the Empire. Speak they can, if they so choose; but there is no one to give them a reply. Only a man in daily intimate touch with the business of the Foreign Office could deal with the technical points which such critics are competent to handle; and there is no such man now in the House of Lords. We grant, of course, that Lord Morley, with his experience of the India Office, was the right man to deal with the Indian aspect of the Middle-Eastern question. But what could Lord Morley say of that same question in so far as it affects Anglo-German relations, by no means a negligible feature? Obviously he could only say what he was told.

The trouble is that Lord Morley was told to say nothing—instructions all too frequent of late years, during which foreign politics have been more and more withdrawn from the view of the public. The mischief arose from a perfectly legitimate desire to avoid carping criticism and to assert the continuity of our foreign policy. But silence can sometimes be carried too far. The Foreign Office has made the absence of criticism an excuse for withholding information. The questions put to the Government by Lord Curzon—questions for the most part left unanswered or answered only by platitudes—were of quite an elementary character. Lord Curzon, in fact, knew practically nothing of what had occurred since he laid down the Viceroyalty of India more than five years ago; and the bulk of us, who have never been behind the scenes at any time, know much less. What happens nowadays is that when information is requested on a subject under discussion, we are told that it is contrary to the public interest to make a statement since negotiations are still in progress; when the negotiations are over it is explained that the result is final, and there is nothing more

to be said; and when apprehensions are raised as to the future a Minister assures us that we have good cards in our hands and shall play them at the proper time. This is precisely what we must expect in the matter of the Bagdad railway. It is not etiquette to make a statement on the Potsdam agreement or on the possible negotiations with Germany and Turkey; when something is settled we shall have to accept it, as we had to accept the Persian agreement, and for the rest our preponderant economic, strategic, and political interests put us in a strong position. Very comforting no doubt; but our interests in the Middle-East were equally strong fifteen years ago, and a Minister would have urged their strength in rejecting the notion that a concession for a railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf would ever be granted behind our backs.

The debate illustrated a method of dealing with inquirers which is certainly wrong, and is also contrary to the best precedents of our Foreign Office. Lord Salisbury was not held in suspicion by the Foreign Ministers of Europe as a hopelessly garrulous person. But he was fully conscious of his duty towards the public and towards Parliament, and it was his practice to make a survey of the whole field of foreign politics both at the Guildhall Banquet and at the opening of Parliament. No confidences were broken, but we knew where we stood. We learnt—what we do not learn nowadays—the general trend of our international policy. Sir Edward Grey has chosen to break with that wise precedent. The House of Commons has never heard from his lips such a review of policy as Count Aehrenthal recently delivered to the Delegations or as even the Russian Duma received last year from M. Isvolski. Twice within the last few days our Foreign Secretary has had the opportunity of setting out his policy towards Germany, a matter of the greatest popular interest. In the Commons he talked instead about arbitration with America; in the Lords he let his spokesman say no more.

Sir Edward Grey's methods might be tolerated if they conduced to success. But every point that becomes known goes against him. Big words, for example, have lately been spoken as to our rights in the Persian Gulf, based on the police duties which we have long performed there. Those words are largely discounted by the startling figures given by Lord Curzon. It is not compatible with an efficient police service that 20,000 rifles and a million rounds of ammunition should have been landed on the shores of the Gulf last year. If the figures were false, why were they not immediately contradicted? If they are true, why has the public been kept in the dark about a matter so vital to the defence of India? As to Muscat, Lord Morley was for excusing French inaction. Could it be expected that any power would give up rights under a treaty without some return? He knew of no instance where it had been done. Has he never heard of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty? That is precisely what our Government, through Lord Lansdowne, did, unfortunately. We have heard of no return this country ever got from the United States.

Turn to Turkey, and you find the same contradiction between words and facts. Sir Edward Grey has been in office for over five years. The Turkish revolution, which temporarily exalted British prestige at Constantinople, gave him the chance of retrieving any blunders which he may have thought that his predecessors had committed. Our preponderant share in Turkey's foreign trade, and our position in Egypt and India, gave us a claim to speak with some authority. Sir Edward Grey would doubtless assert as much if forced to make a statement in the Commons. But what has he made of it all? He has not secured, to the best of our knowledge he has not endeavoured to secure, a single railway concession. What is worse, the Germans have full rights over a line from the Mediterranean to Bagdad, and over another to the Persian frontier, which will eventually tap the trade to Teheran; they have equal rights with any other Power than Turkey in the construction of a line from Bagdad to the Gulf; and because they have asked for nothing more they can pose as a moderate and pacifically-minded people.

All this, we shall be told, is Lord Lansdowne's fault. The present position is a result of his action in 1903. That action, we agree, was unfortunate, but the defence is flimsy. It cannot seriously be maintained that the hands of the British Government were tied by a concession granted by a Sultan, who has since been deposed, to a Power which can scarcely carry it through without financial assistance from without. Now that British opinion is at last aroused, the concessionaires have shown readiness to negotiate. A little more firmness on our part in the past three years would have avoided a deal of friction now.

Ought the Gulf section of the Bagdad railway to be built or not? To say with Lord Morley that Turkey has the right to do as she likes with her own territory is to evade the issue. A railway is a business proposition, and we are a business people with very large commercial interests along the whole stretch of the line. It is nonsense—the word is Lord Morley's—to suggest that the Porte would have paid no heed to British representations that the construction of the line was bad economic policy. What the Turks have to consider is whether it is better business at this moment to build a railway or to concentrate on the development of their waterways. One of the first questions to engage the attention of the new régime was the condition of Mesopotamia. Sir William Willcocks reported on the matter, and an important contract for irrigation works was placed in England, though not, so far as we are aware, through any display of energy on the part of our Foreign Office. That contract completed, population should return to Mesopotamia, and with its return a railway will become necessary. But, as things are now, there is no need for both rail and river-ways from Bagdad to the Gulf. Clearly, such a line of argument, together with the other points powerfully set forth by Lord Curzon, would have appealed both to the Turks and to the heads of the great financial houses, whose co-operation is essential.

#### "I KNOW NOTHING OF AGRICULTURE."

THERE was an amusing incident in the House of Commons on Tuesday night. Agriculture came up for discussion, and after members on both sides had spoken, it was found that the Government benches were empty. Sir Edward Strachey, who stands for farming in the House of Commons—at any rate there is no one else to do so, and he is paid £1200 a year to support the title of Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture—was unwell and absent. Somebody, we imagine, suggested "Send for the War Office", and presently, after a search, Mr. Acland—who is paid £1500 a year to support the title of Financial Secretary to the War Office—came running in from the dining-room. Mr. Acland is one of that strong and unattacked class which sits in the Government by virtue of the hereditary principle. He is son of his father, like Lord Swaythling, the Under-Secretary of State for India, and Mr. Churchill, the Home Secretary; and like them, it is only right to add, he is a bright and clever Minister. He is only thirty-six, but he examined so well in the Education Department at South Kensington, and directed so well in the Department of Secondary Education in Yorkshire, that they made him a ruler of the King's Army. He is so good, too, in that capacity that he did not hesitate a moment on Tuesday to rush into the Government agricultural breach. Mr. Acland was instantly a success. He began by declaring frankly—"I know nothing about agriculture." Why indeed should he? Distinctly, like Mr. Bobby Spencer, he is "not an agricultural labourer". He has not even been "The Farmer's Boy".

There was happy laughter when Mr. Acland got off this really daring and capital jest, and later he grew more popular still when he joked about foul brood in bees, and suggested the extremely difficult operation of "removing the vermiform appendix" of the bees. Soon afterwards Mr. Acland was free to go back to his



disturbed dinner if he chose, the report was agreed to, and the House rose at five minutes past eleven o'clock.

It shows what can be done by a little tact and ready wit. We commend the way of Mr. Acland to the notice of Mr. Churchill. Mr. Churchill, who is one of those who must always make things buzz and hum, would probably have had the whole swarm in a furious uproar round his head before the close of that sitting; whereas Mr. Acland can hive his swarm like a true bee-master.

That is one point of view, and a pleasing and humane one. But it may be admitted there is another point of view. Farming is still supposed, rightly or falsely, to be "the premier industry" of this country. Even foul brood among bees is not such a delightfully trivial thing to those it affects, as Mr. Acland, Financial Secretary to the War Office, and his merry colleagues seem to think. We must not lay ourselves open to the charge of taking an agricultural vote or report too seriously. Seeing that Ministers who are paid twelve hundred a year to look after the Department do not take it too gravely, why should detached outsiders and critics? And yet it must be said that there are people low enough in the scale of life and humour to be grievously affected by such strange and obscure and unimportant little things as foul brood among their bees. "Small men in land" sometimes eke out their poor little living by keeping bees. We can recall an instance now of a man who lives in a tin bungalow and cultivates an acre or two of potatoes and grass and cabbages, making as much as ten or fifteen pounds a year out of bee-hives. Indeed hard and brutal experience teaches—though it does not teach, and never will teach, our enthusiastic Radical land reformers—that often it is only by such bye industries and products as bee-keeping that the small man can live at all.

We do not suppose that the small farmer, and the peasants who wish to become small farmers, will ever hear of this joke at their expense in the House of Commons on Tuesday night. There are understood to be party organisations or machines for spreading leaflets among the people which will tell them what they may expect from this Government or that. But the really telling leaflet is very, very rare. The truth is, it needs a great deal of skill and brains to work it up, and even to seize on the most telling theme. So the small holder or small farmer will know no more of Mr. Acland and Mr. Acland's Government than Mr. Acland and Mr. Acland's Government know of him. The Government will be none the worse for their daring joke at the expense of the farming industry. Viewing the thing from a serious standpoint, one might almost describe the jest—as Gladstone once indignantly described Disraeli's jibe about the Royal Academy pictures—as "devilish". Viewing it cynically, however, one might compliment the Government on their excellent agricultural spokesman, and the agricultural spokesman on his excellent Government.

#### ITALY AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

IT is not easy for the world in general to take a profound interest in the Jubilee fêtes of Italian independence; in fact, we may doubt whether they will arouse sincere enthusiasm in Italy itself save among the Roman hotel keepers. The very difficulties which have arisen about the visits of crowned heads serve to illustrate the embarrassment of Europe. And this is not due to any lingering feelings of jealousy or resentment in those who lost territory or prestige fifty years ago, but to the misfeasance of Italians themselves and their Government. The existing condition of Rome and the position of the Pope are standing reproaches to Italian statesmen and a trouble to the conscience of Europe. Fair-minded people cannot help asking themselves whether it is compatible with the dignity of a great nation, or of one that claims the title, and that has the privilege of harbouring in its capital the spiritual head of so large a part of Christendom, to allow a deliberate policy of menace and insult to be pursued against him by municipal officials if not by the direct agents of the Government. It is not necessary to be a supporter of the Temporal

Power, or even an advocate of its restoration in a very modified form, to understand this. Insulting speeches, the sale of filthy, libellous, and blasphemous journals, and other overt acts of hostility, to say nothing of the complaisant toleration of blatant atheism, make it difficult for a great sovereign who has any respect for the sentiments of large masses of his own subjects to give his personal countenance to these celebrations. So long as the action or laches of the Italian Government are of such a nature that neither of the rulers of the allied states feels able to attend her national fêtes in person, for so long her international position remains only half recognised.

Had the conduct of the Italian Government throughout been marked by scrupulous moderation, by strict adherence to solemn engagements, and by respect for the religion of the vast majority of its own subjects, a Vatican completely intransigent would indeed have found little support outside. Unfortunately, both the action and inaction of successive Italian governments have left no choice to those who, without being Roman Catholics, are compelled by policy or conviction, or a mere sense of decency, to show some respect for the Roman Church. No one can believe that the Italian royal House feels comfortable in the existing condition of things, but the King has unfortunately retained little real power which passed from the House of Savoy with the personal prestige of Victor Emanuel. And after all that House has little or no connexion with the mass of Italians; its headship was imposed upon them by the imperious demands of the moment; it has not slowly grown with the traditions of centuries. They are in truth merely exotics in Rome; they have no such prestige in Roman imagination as still encircles a Doria, an Aldobrandini, or a Colonna. In ancient and illustrious lineage Victor Emanuel III. can compete successfully with any European sovereign, but only with the north-western corner of his own Kingdom has he those historical ties which lie at the root of German, English, or Russian loyalty.

This to some extent explains the partial infirmity of the present position of Italian royalty which on a peculiar devotion to duty and high personal qualities rather as distinguished as it is. The difficulties that beset it are by no means all of its own making, but they are often such that its position makes them hard to combat. The insecurity of its existing tenure probably explains the grotesque insistence upon the virtues of the first monarch of United Italy. There is not a town of any importance throughout the peninsula where that distinguished sovereign is not to be seen in stone or bronze on a prancing steed in the centre of the principal square. This exaggerated emphasis of really considerable merits is likely to injure the very object for which it is employed, but it reaches the height of absurdity and touches the extreme limits of bad taste in the monstrosity which rears its ponderous bulk over against the Forum and will remain a monument not to a great king, who in so far as he was great does not need it, but of the senseless extravagance, the ill taste and the mean jealousy of the New Italy. For the ultimate object is not to commemorate the "Honest King" but to insult the Pope. But after all this monstrous pile only serves as a keynote to the prevailing tone of modern Rome, which is too often characterised by irreverence for the past and indifference to the future. Great buildings have been run up ostensibly for public purposes which neither serve their professed object nor adorn their position. The Law Courts just opened are a monument of extravagance, though they are fortunately not so bad as some of the earlier buildings of the new régime.

But it may be said Rome is not Italy, and it would not be fair to judge the success or failure of Italian independence by the condition of the capital. The strange taste of the Italian people in the kind of municipality it selects is accountable for much, and things will mend when men come into power who do not seek a majority by truckling to the anarchical tendencies of the atheistic mob orators. But after all Rome is the seat of government, and it is the scene of the national celebrations

which distinguished foreigners are bidden to attend. She is of interest to the whole world because she has been the pivot of the world's history; the manner therefore in which she is governed, and the figure she makes before mankind must be of interest to the civilised world even to-day.

In only a less degree is this true of all Italy. Men endowed with the historical instinct or imbued with a love of art were passionately interested in the Risorgimento which was undoubtedly helped on its way both by the acts and laches of the British Government of the day, often in ways not too mindful of international obligations. This enthusiasm also helped to endow the actors in that revolutionary drama with virtues which they did not possess. Italy, of course, had her heroes and martyrs, as all revolutionary movements have had, and not all on the same side; but the very fact of our fathers adorning Italian Liberals with superhuman virtues may make us unjust to their descendants. So much was claimed for the makers of modern Italy that their successors must necessarily fall short of such exaggerated demands upon their moral and mental capacities. But to-day Italian art, literature and statesmanship have fallen to mediocrity if not below it; there is no valid reason why nations which took a passionate concern in Italian liberation should expect the Italian politician to-day to be "one of Plutarch's men", or that a new Renaissance should produce its Dantes and Raphaels. Sensible men would be well content if the result of the Risorgimento were now seen in a contented and united people, sound finance, and honest administration. Freedom from external aggression and a sympathetic attitude on the part of the great mass of civilised mankind have given every chance to the new régime, but the result in these respects after fifty years is only too palpably not what the least exacting sympathiser had a right to expect. The administration is notoriously inefficient and corrupt, and the condition of the employes of the State gives cause for resentment only too well justified. The administration of the railways one need hardly allude to—it is the laughing stock of Europe. In a country like Italy, where the component parts differ so widely one can scarcely imagine they are parts of one nation, it is hard to compare the state of the various provinces, but the condition of the people is certainly not better than it was in Tuscany and adjacent parts under the old system. In the South it was shocking under the Bourbons, and is shocking to-day. Anyone who talked with central Italians at the time of the Messina earthquake would recognise how little solidity of sentiment there is between north and south. Certainly in regard to taxation the burden is far heavier to-day than it was under the "foreign oppressor". This is the fault of the Government alone and the insane ambitions of Crispi. The result, unfortunately, has been that while the poor have been crushed by the weight of the imposts, Italy does not in return figure as a really Great Power. The vapourings about Italia Irredenta which you may still hear at any public gathering have become merely ludicrous, while colonial pretensions have never really recovered the disaster of Adowa. The Camorra trial now in progress is evidence, if any were wanted, that the Government have not even established law and order in the country itself. This is a poor record, for before Italy became one Kingdom large parts of her territory had been well administered—she was not a Bulgaria just emerged from the barbarism of Turkish control. Every excuse being made, therefore, modern Italy is a grave disappointment to her friends, who include all that care for art, history, or literature. She has invited the world to rejoice with her after fifty years of self-government, and to celebrate her achievements. After due consideration, we are bound to confess that the joy of mankind to be sincere must be moderate.

#### ART TREASURES AND THE NATION.

THE recent announcement that Lord Lansdowne's picture of "The Mill" by Rembrandt has been purchased for the sum of £100,000 by some wealthy foreigner, and will leave this country unless acquired by the nation for £95,000, again raises in an acute form the momentous question of the retention here of works of art of supreme importance. The question must be faced. While we sit deploring the influences at work masterpiece after masterpiece is leaving the country.

The reasons are not far to seek. Many works of art of first-rate importance are now owned not by those who collected them but by their descendants. These in their turn are finding the drain upon their purses steadily on the increase. Recent fiscal legislation, operating during life as well as upon death, is reducing both income and capital. The demands of society meanwhile involve aggravated expenditure. The pleasant provisions of the Settled Land Acts enable owners to sell even what has been strictly settled. On the other side the demand for works of art of every kind, and of every age except our own, is insatiable. Their collection has become the legitimate, almost the inevitable, ambition of men of wealth. To amass them brings not only pleasure but fame. We are enjoying a new Renaissance, at least of Old Masters. Everywhere museums and galleries, equally with private collectors, are in the market as buyers. In America there is a vast empty continent to be filled, and with the steadfast conviction that what time has done for Europe money can do for America and that it is well worth the doing, the Americans have come crowding into our auction rooms, after first prudently removing their own import duty which stood in their way. At the same time the supply is strictly limited, and every purchase by a museum means that some part of the current supply has gone out of circulation, never to return. Prices inevitably respond to these influences, and the offers with which we are becoming painfully familiar are the inevitable result. Against them such patriotism as still exists seems powerless to prevail, even among those most highly placed and filling the most responsible positions in the world of art.

To some extent indeed the present state of things has been due to the supineness and timidity of the authorities in the past. The grant for the National Gallery, to mention only one of the most important branches of art, still remains at £5000, the figure at which it was fixed when prices were not one-tenth of what they are to-day. Chance after chance has been let slip by the trustees of this and similar bodies owing to faults in the system of purchasing, temporary want of funds, and other avoidable causes. The list of such failures is as lamentable as it is long, but it has at least taught one lesson—that procrastination, delay, and hesitation are fatal. The need for some vigorous action at whatever cost is indeed clear to all far-sighted and thoughtful persons. Such a work of art as "The Mill" is inestimable, both literally and metaphorically. It is useless to haggle over the price. In one sense it is worth £100,000, for that is the price more than one individual is willing to pay. In another it is worth far more because it represents something of infinite beauty which no country that desires to keep it can afford to lose. A masterpiece of art, like an idea or a new ethical system, cannot be estimated in terms of money. Even countries far less rich than Great Britain are spending largely, but wisely, on works of art. The Italian Government has at great sacrifice secured the wonderful Doria and Borghese Galleries and the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova. Germany and France cheerfully place their Governments in command of sums for these purposes which put our own to shame. Nor is it anything but timidity which is paralysing us. What less favoured nations can achieve is within our power, and future generations will justly reproach the short-sighted policy of the legislators of our own time who poured out money like water for every material object, but neglected the artistic needs of the people until it was too late.



Various remedies have been suggested, among them the system prevailing in Italy of placing upon an Index those works of art which the country is determined shall not be lost. The system is open to some objections, though more on the ground of faulty administration and inadequate national means than for any inherent reason. An export duty on works of art has also been put forward, the proceeds to provide funds which could be applied for the purchase of others to be retained, but this, standing by itself, would obviously be a palliative rather than a cure. Moreover, the representative of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons recently declined to consider seriously any such "protective" proposal. A course, bolder than either and more effective than both, would be the formation of a National Art Fund. The sum required, not less than two millions, would be so large that only the Government could undertake it. Such a sum, set aside and earmarked for the sole purpose of purchasing works of art of the first importance, can secure for ever the artistic heritage of England. Primarily the income, but in cases of emergency the capital, would be available and only acknowledged masterpieces would be acquired, the purchase of works of less supreme interest being left to the ordinary grants, the National Art-Collections Fund and private enterprise. This would in effect be a reversal of the present system, the parts of Government and private subscribers being exchanged. The sum is a large one, but no better investment could be made. The experience of the last fifty years proves that even from the point of view of pure finance it would be justified. When Disraeli decided to invest four millions sterling of the nation's money in the purchase of shares in the Suez Canal he foresaw not only the handsome dividends to be derived but the far greater indirect results which have since accrued to us in Egypt and posterity has approved his courage.

The present Government has such an opportunity at this time. Mr. Asquith has had placed before him a list of works of art of every kind in this country which those best able to judge consider of paramount importance to secure, and the matter is under his consideration. But this list is being steadily diminished by such losses as "The Mill" and others. There would be obvious difficulties in the wise administration of such a fund—the danger of bogus offers at fancy prices with the object of obtaining from the Government what could not be obtained in the open market. But these dangers are not absent at the present moment, nor under any possible system can they be entirely avoided. At the same time the scheme might well be combined with provisions for exemption from or diminution of death duties in the case of collections of first-rate importance in consideration of an option to the Government at fixed prices for varying periods. The mere fact of its being well known that the Government had an option or right of pre-emption on a picture or statue which it would exercise whenever it felt called upon to do so would as against foreign collectors afford no inconsiderable deterrent. Some special consideration has already been given in recent Finance Acts to such collections so long as they do not pass out of the hands of the existing owners. Admit the principle that national interests are involved, and it remains only to extend it to meet the more urgent requirements of the present day.

The actual working out of such a scheme does not present any insuperable difficulties. The main obstacle is rather the reluctance to devote so large a sum to what may appear to be a luxury rather than a national necessity. The temptation to compare such an expenditure as is here advocated with the construction of an additional Dreadnought on the one hand or the removal of some crying social problem of poverty or sanitation on the other is almost irresistible. Yet such a comparison would be unfair to both. The provision of educational facilities, mental and moral, both of a theoretical and practical kind, affords a closer analogy, and each of the great parties in the State is committed, at least in words, to the spread of the highest form of education at its command. But in this question is involved far more than any system of arts and crafts, of

technical instruction, of recreation and amusement and their respective money values in the national balance-sheet. Works of art cannot profitably be considered in terms of anything else. As was recently well said in this Review "Works like this Rembrandt are like Shakespeare's plays, part of the history, part of the glory of the European mind; they belong to the world's inheritance and cannot in any absolute sense be a single owner's private possession". If the loss of the Rembrandt "Mill", irreparable as it is from one point of view, results in the immediate adoption of some definite measure for securing to the nation what remains in its keeping, the loss may after all prove a gain.

## THE PARTY SYSTEM.

By HAROLD COX.

WHEN two popular writers devote some considerable energy to producing an attack on our whole party system of government, we may fairly assume that there is a growing feeling of dissatisfaction in the country with that system. Of this feeling there would be much more abundant evidence were it not that, for some never sufficiently explained reason, the newspaper press is committed to the support of one or other of the two political parties. The majority of influential newspapers habitually pretend that the party which they support possesses every possible virtue, and the other party every possible vice; and anybody who ventures to suggest that neither party possesses much virtue, or for that matter much vice, but that the division between them is artificial and mischievous, is clearly an outsider not worth listening to. Yet all the while over the dinner-table and in clubs and other places where men do congregate hardly a day passes without one hearing some profoundly disrespectful remark about the ways of politicians. Indeed so far is this the case that many of the people who themselves are working for one party or the other frequently among their friends express unbounded contempt for both parties.

It is in response to this widespread feeling that Messrs. Hilaire Belloc and Cecil Chesterton have produced a little volume \* which is well worth reading, even though the perusal will bring a good deal of disappointment. For the authors have made the profound blunder of over-stating their case. Not only is their language needlessly violent, as for example when they compare the party system to a putrefying dead body, but also because they have gone beyond the facts in attributing collusive motives to people who are publicly opposing one another. Their theory is that the real governing power in this country is made up of an informal committee composed of the two front benches in the legislature. The only evidence in support of such a theory is the familiar fact that on certain points the two front benches do come to a friendly arrangement, either for the sake of mutual convenience in conducting the daily affairs of the House of Commons or sometimes, but more rarely, for the sake of meeting some grave national crisis. In addition, it is notorious that the members of the two front benches are on personally friendly terms with one another, that they dine together, and that their families intermarry.

That is all, and it does not in the least justify the suggestion that the two front benches combine to determine the policy of their respective parties. It is perfectly true that party differences have ceased to have that reality which existed when the two-party system first came into being, and which, since that date, has intermittently flashed forth, as in the great Free Trade controversy of 1846 and the Home Rule controversy of 1886. To-day the line of cleavage is purely arbitrary. There is no single matter on which anyone can prophesy that there will be a permanent division of policy between the party which is in and the party which is out. Even Home Rule has

\* "The Party System." By Hilaire Belloc and Cecil Chesterton. London: Swift. 1911. 3s. 6d. net.

now apparently become a question for compromise in the minds of many members of the party which takes its present name from its opposition to Home Rule. Therefore Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton are right in saying that the party system has ceased to be sincere: their blunder lies in suggesting that the insincerity is carried to the extent of an actual collusion between the two front benches for the discovery of artificial points of difference.

Nor would that collusion, even if it existed, be half so serious a matter as other features of the party system which these two authors have rightly tried to bring home to the mass of the public. Unfortunately, they have half spoilt their case by failing to realise the necessity for restraint in expression. When a new and unexpected fact has to be explained, it is often necessary actually to under-state the case for fear of creating incredulity by revealing the whole truth. Most people, even those who habitually speak scornfully about the game of politics, have no real knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes. They do not understand the full extent to which the independence of the House of Commons has been destroyed, and the methods by which that destruction has been effected. For example, the ordinary respectable British citizen who reads the papers attentively and tries to form some kind of view on political questions is under the impression that members of parliament habitually sit throughout the debates carefully weighing the arguments on one side and the other, and finally voting according to their convictions. Of course a few visits to the Strangers' Gallery suffice to dispel that delusion, but only a minority of people ever enjoy the doubtful pleasure of sitting through a debate in the House of Commons. And even those who are present at debates as onlookers in the Strangers' Gallery do not realise the forces which drive all the members from one side of the House without exception into one lobby, and all the members of the other side without exception into the other lobby on practically every question brought before parliament.

Yet, if we come to think about it, this is one of the strangest phenomena that a so-called deliberative assembly could ever reveal. For it is a human impossibility that all the members of one group should as a matter of conscientious conviction say "Aye" in chorus on every occasion, and the members of the other group with equal unanimity say "No". There must be strange forces at work somewhere to secure such continuous unanimity. Briefly, those forces are two. First, that instinctive love of the English people for a game which makes them pay money to go and look at games even when they cannot play themselves; and secondly the pecuniary and social advantages which politicians obtain by loyalty to their respective parties. Neither of these forces would by itself suffice, for the political issues are so complex that though the cruder minds might always be content to look upon politics as a game of football between two opposing teams, this sport would break down in practice if members of parliament were really free when they entered the House of Commons. They are not free. Each party by the very law of its being must devote its principal energies to maintaining itself, and therefore the one thing which it cannot tolerate is independence of party control. As a result the member who ventures to criticise his own side is gently, or roughly, squeezed out. It may be that the squeeze takes the gentle form of the promise of a post in the Government or in the Colonies, or a promise of some minor post for an influential constituent, or the promise of a title. If these baits fail, and quite a large number of members of the House of Commons refuse to be bribed by such methods, then other forms of pressure can be used. It is here that the Englishman's love of a game for the sake of the game plays into the hands of political wirepullers. For if a member is troublesome to his party leaders, and refuses to be won over, a suggestion will be conveyed to the men who run the caucus in his constituency that he is not playing the game, and he will receive from them a more or less emphatic hint that his conduct is distasteful to the caucus. Unless he happens to have an

exceptionally commanding personal position in the constituency the opposition of the party caucus will mean the loss of the seat. He will be looked upon by the average elector as a man "off-side" who is not wanted when the two teams are engaged in a trial of strength.

No one indeed can understand the present working of our parliamentary institutions unless he realises that a member of parliament does not represent the whole body of his constituents but only represents the local caucus. That body is in turn a portion of the political machinery of the whole party. When the leaders of the party have adopted a programme, all the machinery which they control is set to work to impose it upon the party, and no politician who does not accept the whole programme, actively as well as passively, can hope to be returned to parliament. The necessary result is intermittent, if not continuous hypocrisy. Members of parliament, many of whom have very high political ideals, constantly find it necessary to advocate on public platforms proposals of which they entirely disapprove. Doubtless they justify their action by the argument that points on which they differ from the party are matters of detail, and that they ought to give way on details for the sake of the greater unity of the whole. From the point of view of private conscience that is a plausible argument, but it does not in the least affect the larger question of public interest. What the country expects of its representatives is that they shall give their best thought to the consideration of all questions brought before parliament. Instead of doing so they resign their political consciences to the party Whip. This is the main fact which the country does not yet fully grasp; nor does it discern the private influences which are brought to bear to secure party unanimity. It is not too much to say that if the nation as a whole knew what every member of parliament and most journalists know with regard to the working of the party system, that system could not last many months. From this point of view Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton have done good service by writing the book which they have given to the public, and all people who are honestly anxious for the good government of their country may be recommended to read it attentively. For though many phrases may shock the reader, and though in parts the case is distinctly over-stated, yet in the main the book is only too painfully true. No man who knows the facts can deny that the party system is unreal: that it involves political hypocrisy: and that it also involves methods of influencing votes which can only be characterised by the ugly epithet corrupt.

## THE CITY.

**E**XPANSION of the demand for investment securities has been the most important feature of the Stock Exchange during the week. The gilt-edged market was particularly strong, owing to the unmistakable success of the Indian loan issue of £3,500,000, in which applicants received only 38 per cent. of their requirements. Consols, aided by continued purchases by the Government broker, maintained their slow but sure upward movement, and in nearly every department of the "House" there were evidences of quiet, insistent and discriminative demand for every grade of investment.

The advance in London General Omnibus stock continues. It has touched 125, as against a relatively recent low record of 15. There is not the slightest doubt that this movement has been overdone. Granting that the L.G.O. has a practical monopoly of omnibus traffic in London, and that there is a possibility of agreement with the underground railways for a revision of fares; granting also that the Coronation festivities will largely increase the receipts of the half-year, the price of 125 is quite unjustified. If the company had an assured dividend of, say, 7 per cent., backed by a strong reserve and a substantial fund for depreciation, the quotation would have good foundation; but the company has only recently paid off heavy arrears of prefer-

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ence interest, and in present conditions the market has discounted the further improvement in the financial situation very freely indeed. The advance in the securities of the Metropolitan, District, Central London, and City and South London lines, ranging from three to eight points during the last account, does not invite such stringent criticism, but in these cases also it may be urged that the rise has been much too rapid if judged in the searching light of dividend prospects. Coronation traffics will not be a permanent benefit, and no wholesale increase of fares is possible so long as the competition of cheap tramways is a factor. It is only by drastic reductions of working expenses that a sustained improvement in these stocks can be adequately explained, and sufficient proof of such a development has yet to be furnished. As for home rails generally, the lightening of contango rates and the favourable monetary outlook are encouraging features. They have already brought about a recovery in the "heavy" stocks which may be expected to make further headway. Canadian Pacific continue in marked favour, having reached the figure of 225, at which they yield £4 8s. 10d., and they look strong enough at this level to invite purchases rather than short sales, although a good deal of profit-taking has been in progress. Some realisations in Grand Trunks also caused a little irregularity in the ordinaries and third prefs., but traffics are still good and the market shows no sign of weakness. The American section, in the absence of public dealing of any description, is being easily supported by the big financial interests. Intrinsic conditions count for little in such circumstances. The cabled reports that the market is stronger on account of the postponement of the Supreme Court's decisions in the Trust cases are simply ridiculous, for no market ever derived benefit from uncertainty and suspense. The leading interests have guarded against heavy selling in the event of a decision against the Standard Oil Company by announcing that the company's lawyers have made every preparation to carry out the Court's most stringent requirements. Whether prices will be advanced when the decisions are handed down it is difficult to guess. It rests entirely on the knees of the magnates. Mexican rails have recovered from the revolution scare, but the public is still rather shy. Argentine rails are attracting a little more attention.

Though the clouds overhanging the mining markets have not yet entirely dispersed, the technical position in Kaffirs favours a recovery. The bull account has further diminished, and the bear commitments are larger. Already purchases by bargain-hunters and shorts have caused a slight reaction, but the Paris position still causes a little anxiety. The settlement on the Bourse at the end of the month may disclose further trouble, while in London two or three small firms have been helped over, and it may take some time for the weak holdings to find a home; but the people who are now taking cheap dividend-payers off the market are not likely to regret their purchases. Similar conditions prevail in Rhodesians with the exception that Paris has no serious interest in these descriptions. As regards the rubber share market there has been no important development this week. The auction sales next week should, however, excite a little more interest. The catalogue will include a larger and more representative offering than was submitted last time, and the result should therefore provide a clearer indication of the demand for the raw material. Mincing Lane expects higher prices. The question of rubber in Nyassaland has been much discussed. Sir J. D. Rees, in his speech at the British Central Africa Company's meeting, showed what the general planting possibilities of the country are in cotton, tobacco, rubber and oil-producing crops. The Company is taking energetic advantage of its opportunities.

In oil shares the feature has been the clever flotation and manipulation of the shares of the Oil Trust of Galicia. No sooner had the allotment letters been sent out, showing a large over-subscription, than the directors announced a big increase of capital to take over further properties, £30,000 of new £1 shares being placed in the market at £1 premium, with an option

over £50,000 more at par. Criticism of the scheme has been choked by admiration of the manner in which it has been carried out in a dull market.

## INSURANCE.

### THE STAR LIFE.

USUALLY people judge a life office by the bonuses it has recently paid. The practice is not wholly wise. An office which for a long period has gratified its participating policyholders by the declaration of handsome bonuses is very likely to find itself compelled to retrench in its liberality, whereas some despised competitor whose bonuses have been conspicuous by their insignificance may in reality be a sounder proposition. Just now the Star Life Assurance Society affords an interesting study. At several quinquennial investigations increased bonuses were declared, and in 1894 reversionary additions were made to policies at the rate of 31s. per cent. per annum on sums assured and previous bonuses. Five years later the "compound" bonus was reduced to 15s. per cent., and on the last two occasions only 10s. per cent. could be paid.

How these recent modest distributions have been represented by the policyholders is shown by the sums paid as surrender values:—£44,127 in 1904, £49,476 in 1905, £39,320 in 1906, £48,359 in 1907, £48,595 in 1908, £54,824 in 1909, and £80,764 last year. One result of this discontent can be seen in the contraction of the premium income from £571,594 in 1903 to £506,176 in 1910, and it is by no means certain that the decline has now been stayed. When policyholders apply for surrender value in such numbers as the above amounts indicate, it is evident that many of them have taken alarm, and alarm is unfortunately infectious. How many policies have been sacrificed since the last investigation is only known to the management, but the total must have been considerable, seeing that £135,588 was disbursed in this way during the last two years. Between 1903 and 1908 the policies in force decreased in number from 56,776 to 53,679, and the total net sum assured from £17,061,645 to £15,741,308, and one can almost state with confidence that the process of gradual contraction has continued.

But is there any real cause for alarm, any advantage to be gained by surrendering long-held policies? Very seldom, indeed, does any benefit result from accepting a surrender value, however liberal that value may be. In no case does an office hand over to a policyholder the full amount reserved in respect of his policy, or policy and bonuses; it naturally expects to make a profit by the transaction, and invariably does so. In the particular case of the Star Life the man who surrenders throws away an excellent chance, because lost ground is being rapidly recovered. Perhaps it is not clearly understood why the bonuses on three successive occasions were so contemptible; the reasons, however, are evident enough. In the first place the average gross rate per cent. of interest earned, which had been £4 9s. 2d. in the 1879-83 quinquennium, and then £4 7s. 5d. and £4 2s. 11d. during the two succeeding quinquenniums, declined to £3 15s. 9d. in the 1894-8 period, and to £3 10s. 1d. in the 1899-1903 period. As a consequence of this unpleasant downward tendency, the valuation rate had to be lowered from 3½ to 3 per cent., at which it now stands. Injudicious investments had also been made, and in 1899, 1903, and 1908 substantial sums were written off the balance sheet values of certain assets which had become depreciated, surplus to an amount of nearly £575,000 in all being thus appropriated.

To-day the position is very different. Throughout the 1904-8 quinquennium the average gross rate earned was £3 15s. 1d. per cent., a gradual improvement from £3 13s. 1d. per cent. in 1904 to £3 16s. 10d. per cent. in 1908 being secured; and subsequently there was a further recovery to £4 1s. 4d. per cent. in 1909 and £4 3s. 6d. per cent. last year. Since the new term began the net rate, after deducting income tax, has been £3 16s. 1d. and £3 19s. per cent., so that at the present moment the margin of unvalued interest is scarcely less than one per cent., and represents about £65,000

per annum in the form of surplus. Sound foundations have also been reached in the case of the investments, a revaluation made on December 31 last having shown that the market values of the Stock Exchange securities held exceeded in the aggregate those stated in the balance sheet. A moderate expense ratio has also been attained. Last year the new premiums yielded £30,067 (5.94 per cent. of the total premium), but all expenses in connexion with the life business, both at home and abroad, were covered by a sum of £74,021, being 14.55 per cent. of the same premiums. As sound conditions equally exist in regard to mortality, the Star Life ought to do well for its members in future years, all the sources of surplus being now active and contributing to the fund.

#### THE AUTHORISED VERSION.

THREE centuries ago the translation of the Bible known to us all as the "Authorized Version" was given to the English people. The year of its appearance (1611) is beyond dispute, but the exact date is unknown; that is why this commemoration is being observed in different countries in different months: in Canada, in February; in Great Britain, on 26 April; in the United States, in April. It is possibly not without significance that no man knows the day or month of this Bible's birth; "the silence with which the Version that was to be the inheritance of the English people for at least two centuries and a half was ushered into the world" is very striking, as striking perhaps as the "majestic silence" in which the Jewish temple was builded. But such is history; there is seldom any uncertainty as to the date of a battle or a bloody revolution: "horas non numero nisi serenas" is the last thing that can be said of the ordinary annalist.

But, whenever it appeared, it came as the fruit of centuries of desire, expectation, and preparation. Notwithstanding the disfavour with which the unreformed Church has ever regarded the indiscriminate circulation of the Scriptures—the Council of Toulouse forbade it in 1229, and Pius IV. proclaimed that it does more harm than good—she had no aversion from translations as such; how could she when her own cherished and authoritative Vulgate is one? So English ecclesiasts at an early date essayed to give their countrymen a Bible which they could understand; Aldhelm, for example, translated the Psalter in Cent. vii., and Bede is said to have spent the last moments of his life in completing the Anglo-Saxon version of S. John's Gospel. And not only ecclesiastics. King Alfred was a translator in his day, and he expressed the wish that "all the freeborn youth of his kingdom should be able to read the English Scriptures", and the MSS. in the British Museum (the Durham Book, e.g.), the Bodleian, etc., reveal to us that frequent efforts were made in this direction; all these versions, of course, were made from the Vulgate. So, too, was Wycliffe's (the rendering of the Old Testament, so far as it goes, was the work of Nicholas of Hereford), towards the close of the fourteenth century, undertaken that "pore Christen men may some deal know the text of the Gospel"—and for their edification it was furnished with a commentary. Wycliffe was not unaware of its imperfections; he tells us, speaking of the Psalter, that "the texte of our bokis discordeth much from the Ebreu"; he also complained of the corrupt text of the "comune Latyne Bibles". But what was he to do? The scholarship of that age allowed nothing better; moreover, the friars, who dominated Oxford, protested that the study of Hebrew would make men Jews, as that of Greek would leave them Pagans. It shows the wide circulation which this Version attained, that, in spite of Archbishop Arundel's efforts for its destruction, 150 MSS. thereof are still in existence. By the time of Henry VIII., however, its language was already becoming obsolete, whilst the yearning for an English Bible was every year growing stronger. It was then that Tyndale (who has been called "the true hero of the English Reformation") appeared on the scene, fired with the idea of making "a boy that driveth the plough" to know more of Scripture than the priests did; he devoted

his life to the work, and it cost him his life; betrayed by a false friend, he was beheaded at Vilvoorde, in Belgium, and his body was burned: this was for the crime of having given the English the Word of God in their mother tongue. His version, printed first at Cologne, and subsequently at Worms, encountered much opposition both from king and prelates. His dying prayer, before the stroke fell, was "Lord, open the King of England's eyes". His English text was, unfortunately, supplemented by notes, often of a polemical character, and this no doubt helped to prejudice the authorities, both in Church and State, against it. He had hoped, at first, to gain the favour of Tunstall, Bishop of London, for the work, but he was not long in discovering "not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace for translating the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England". It is but an instalment—only a few books of the Old Testament were done into English, but it was extremely well done, and it is the true parent of the Authorized Version. It was accused at the time of "corrupting the text after Luther's counsel", but never was a translation made with more transparent honesty; he could call God to witness that "I never altered one syllable of God's Word against my conscience, nor would this day if all that is in the world might be given me". Nor is that its only merit—"the exquisite grace and simplicity which have endeared the A.V. to men of the most opposite tempers and contrasted opinions—to J. H. Newman and J. A. Froude—is due mainly to his clear-sighted truthfulness"; it is owing to him, too, that our later Versions have been popular and not scholastic. It remained, however, for Coverdale to give us our first complete Bible in the vernacular. Rogers, who carried on Tyndale's work, only got as far as Isaiah. Coverdale was no great scholar; he confesses that his rendering is based on "the Douche (German) and the Latyn", but he had one great merit: he was a master of English prose, and of rhythmical and sonorous expression, as may, indeed, be gathered from the Prayer Book Version of the Psalter which follows his translation. But his work could not be accepted for long; it was too inaccurate (he himself indicated by a pointer "the darck places of ye texte"), and it only held the field till 1568, though it was "authorized to be read and frequented in every Church in the Kingdom"; it was practically superseded in 1560 by the Geneva translation, the work of English refugees at that place. This was finally printed in England and in Roman type (all the rest had been in black letter), and for some sixty years was very popular, especially with the Puritans; nor did the "Bishops' Bible", which appeared in 1572, a careful and scholarly production, avail to dislodge it: for one thing, it was too large and expensive. And the very existence of competing Versions side by side, or one in the church and another in the home, confirmed the desire for a new translation and one that should have some finality about it. Accordingly at the Hampton Court Conference (1604) the Puritan Reynolds raised the question. The bishops, who had their own Version, regarded the idea of another revision with some disfavour, but it caught the fancy of the King: that latter-day Solomon may have foreseen that it would be the great distinction of his reign. So he very promptly appointed himself director of the undertaking, and issued his instructions to the three companies—fifty-four scholars all told, one at Oxford, another at Cambridge, the third at Westminster—who for the next three years toiled at this sacred task, of which the Version we are now commemorating was the fruit. A few words as to its more conspicuous merits.

1. It was a Bible without a bias. It was the work of no party, nor was it at all polemical. It had neither notes nor a commentary. It only aimed at placing an honest and correct rendering of the original Greek and Hebrew in the hands of the English reader.

2. It is "a well of English undefiled". It preserves "the tongue which Shakespeare spoke". Coming to us, as it virtually does, from "the spacious times of great Elizabeth", it gives us our mother tongue at its best period.



3. It is free from scholastic expressions, from "ink-horn" phraseology, such as often disfigures the Rheims and Douay Versions (1582 and 1609), which, moreover, were still based on the Vulgate. Its only blemish, apart from the inaccuracies inevitable at that period, is the too adulatory dedication to the King, and that is no part of the text. And it has a euphoniousness which is unhappily wanting in our recent Revised Version. Of that

"Chime of rolling rivers  
Through the forest of the Psalms",

of which Archbishop Alexander speaks, some echoes may be heard all through the volume.

And who can wonder, therefore, that it lives still in the affections of our people, or that it has helped to mould their speech, to shape their characters, and make them what they are? There are far higher reasons, of course, than those just alleged for cherishing it; to how many has it been "as life from the dead", as the message of their Maker to their souls, as a revelation of His will concerning them. Or who can blame us that we, who owe it so much, are unwilling to let the tercentenary of its birth pass unobserved?

### MEMORIES OF A CATHEDRAL.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

#### III.

WHAT actually did we learn, sitting up there amid the dust and the rare sunbeams and the many echoes? It depended very much on ourselves. Looking back at it, I do not remember any of us being actually and deliberately taught anything; and, I repeat, I think it is hardly possible to teach any art except by example. We were led to the water and given free access to it; no attempt was made to force us to drink, and each of us imbibed and, according to his capacity, took away something different. Some of us became great executant players, and departed to distant parts of the globe to astonish the natives with organ recitals; others imbibed a love of architecture—in fact I think we all learnt a little about that; others became learned pundits, and wore hoods, and wrote themselves "Doctor", and went forth to bear that drab banner onward in their own spheres of work; and others acquired, what was perhaps the most precious secret of that place, a pure style in organ playing, the style of our master and of his master before him; a style which is unfortunately carried on only by direct tradition. The pupils of my master, and of some of his rare contemporaries, have it, provided they have not wantonly overlaid it with garish decorations of their own; but I doubt whether it outlives that generation; I doubt whether any of their pupils have it. What it is I shall presently try to define; but it is almost hopeless to render a thing like this in words when it was only learned by days and months and years of association with its exponent. And we learned other things besides organ playing. If we did not learn piety in the modern sense of the word we learned it in its ancient sense; we learned reverence, and the willingness to recognise and worship greatness when we found it—a thing by no means sufficiently taught to students of any art in this country; who too often, instead of trying to raise themselves to the level of greatness when they see it, try to pull down greatness to their own level, and explain it away by their own small experience. And we learned about literature, and cooking, and old furniture, and ritual.

For my own part I acquired in those days a curious sense of the detachment of the cathedral and its music from the rest of the world. Both were my life; and sitting there so long, morning and afternoon, my ear got tuned to a certain austerity, and I learned to love the old church music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the music of Tye, Tallis, Farrant, Bull, Lawes, Byrd, Gibbons, Child, Humphrey, Purcell, and Blow. The eighteenth century, with perhaps the exception of Boyce and Kelway, never so much appealed to me; and it was not much to be wondered at that modern church music began and ended for me with the Wesley family. But

even while I loved all these composers, and delighted to hear their music floating up to me out of the carved choir-stalls, I knew well all the time that it was music the love of which I could not communicate to anyone else who had not like me passed some time in this ancient atmosphere, in the theatre for which it was designed.

Modern music did not in any form invade our organ loft; we had, I think quite properly, to seek that elsewhere, with the result that our lives were agreeably shot with all kinds of varied colours in music. From writing our own double counterpoint at the College of Music we would attend an orchestral rehearsal under Richter of, say, Strauss's latest symphonic poem; and from there would hurry to the Cathedral to play Kelway in B minor. And after that one would perhaps accompany the great man across the high seas of the city, through the busy secular traffic of full afternoon tide to the Town Hall, there to sit surrounded by the glowing frescoes of Ford Madox Brown, and smoke a meditative pipe while he practised on the lovely Cavaillé-Coll organ some great classic of Bach, or one of the rare masterpieces of Liszt. For the eccentric, snuff-taking, eighteenth-century master of the organ loft, and sober inventor of diatonic sequences there, became quite another person in the concert-room. With the penny snuff-box, left reposing under the double diapason, were laid aside the austerity and conservatism of the cathedral player; and in his place there appeared an extremely modern solo performer, with parcels of the very latest music on his table, who practised by the hour on a dumb clavier to keep his fingers up to the standards of modern technique, and who could import clarity and simplicity into compositions which in the hands of other players became too often a distressing scream and jumble of sound. I think that, with the possible exception of Widor's symphonies which are inferior to it in musical value, the extreme limit of possibility in organ playing has been reached in the Organ Fantasia of Liszt on the chorale "Ad nos ad salutarem" which too many organists dare, but which hardly any of them accomplish. He is one of the few whom I have ever heard attempt it, and the only one whom I have ever heard achieve it with ease and mastery.

And while we talked, and dusk and darkness gathered in the hall, and only the little bunch of lights glowed on us above the console, we would talk of music or of people—always on these two topics, people and music, music and people—and chiefly of people who made music and of music that suggested people. In earlier days than this, Ford Madox Brown when at work on his frescoes used to be his companion where I now sat; and sometimes in the dusk he used to have weird ideas and look into the surrounding shadows, and tell me how often when he was playing alone he had the sense that Madox Brown had come back and was somewhere near him. . . . It was an odd, weird atmosphere; and if I were to revisit that place after any lapse of time it would be solely and definitely associated with the personalities of those two artists.

Sometimes the days were very severe and, to youth hardly yet finished growing, inadequately supported by material nourishment. On a Saturday, for example, there would probably be one's own private practice in the morning, the Cathedral service at eleven, choir rehearsal at twelve which might last an hour, a dive into some German restaurant for a meal, a walk to some curiosity shop or other where the old print or piece of furniture was to be examined, the return to the Cathedral at half-past three, and adjournment from there to the Town Hall; the remainder of the afternoon till about six o'clock being spent in practice on his part and listening and smoking on mine; from six to seven conversation and smoking in his room, from seven to a quarter past eight organ recital in the Town Hall, and at last, famished and exhausted, home to his house for supper. But, as I said, the interval between lunch and this late supper was often, from my point of view, inadequately spanned. With someone upon whom you are at once on the terms of reverence, a kind of laughing awe, and affectionate intimacy, relations are bound to be complex, because you may be summoned to adopt any one of these

attitudes at any moment. He used to think that I was given to general extravagance and over-fastidiousness in the matter of what I ate and drank and smoked; and he used to take a delight on our way from the Cathedral to the Town Hall in suddenly turning into some particularly low and vile tea-shop and either administering there and then the nauseous corrective of a halfpenny cup of tea and a halfpenny bun (which I was obliged to take, knowing that I should get nothing else till ten o'clock); or, worse still, purchase a particularly hateful pennyworth of bread and butter which was carried away in a paper bag and consumed, but divided by him with strict impartiality between us, together with some nasty cocoa which we used to concoct with condensed milk over the fire in his room. No person has ever taken a greater toll of my affection than was taken on these occasions; but I was positively afraid to criticise or object, from a kind of glorious artistic shame which bade me realise that what was good enough for him was surely good enough for me. He used to try me further (because he himself had a catholic although discriminating taste in tobacco) by buying me rank penny cigars and insisting on my giving my opinion of them; and afterwards, after supper in the evening perhaps, by giving me a really fine Cabaña and telling me that it had cost a halfpenny. . . . But there was nothing that he could do to any of us, no task or trouble that he could impose upon us, for which we had not forgiven him by the time his fingers had been ten seconds on the keys.

#### A NOTE ON THE SALTING COLLECTION.

By SELWYN IMAGE.

ON Wednesday last, at the invitation of the Board of Education, an immense company of guests flocked to the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, to the opening of the five new rooms set apart for the exhibition of the Salting Bequest, which came into possession of the nation under Mr. George Salting's will some fifteen months ago. The collection is so varied and so vast, that no one notice, and no one man, could possibly do it even bare justice. In the table of contents prefixed to the admirable illustrated catalogue, sold at the museum for the modest price of fourpence, I notice some forty different classes of exhibits are specified; and to deal properly, almost I had said to deal decently, with any one of these needs the knowledge of an expert.

The entire collection, as Mr. Salting not unnaturally stipulated in his will, is kept together. The authorities must have had a long, hard task before them in process of arranging it. We owe them abounding thanks for the way in which they have accomplished their task: it is admirable; if I may say so without impertinence, the thing could not be better done. Yes, just one little thing could be better. If some time or another, gradually perhaps, the heavy black cases might be replaced by lighter metal ones, what an improvement in the general appearance of the rooms would be brought about! Those heavy black cases are ugly, and they obtrude themselves, they are not worthy of the place or its contents. Let us hope they may disappear; and then the most captious fault-finder will be silenced.

Mr. Salting was not only a collector of catholic taste, but a collector of great knowledge, and, what is even more important, of fine instinct. The result is, that this immense collection of his is not merely, as I have said, of amazing variety, but in each department of it, as the experts assure us, the works are of their kind, almost without reserve, quite first-rate. He bought with exceeding care and deliberation: he bought only what he knew to be good, and because he liked it, not because somebody told him he ought to have this or that. In a word, he was a collector of genius; and the country is now the fortunate possessor of the fruits of his genius, of a gallery of artistic works unsurpassable in their excellence, and of a value incalculable. Those of us who from one reason or another have few oppor-

tunities, or none, of journeying hither and thither over the world seeking out the treasures of its art, may console ourselves happily enough for many a day here at home. For here are such treasures gathered together from all parts, and admirably displayed, waiting for us at our door, so to say, to go in, whenever we will, to enjoy them, and to learn from them for our own work.

It is probable that few sections of the collection will attract more general attention than that of the Miniature Portraits. These, the catalogue tells us, "are chiefly by British artists or foreigners working in England", and assuredly they are exquisite examples of this exquisite art. One may notice, too, in passing that among the Ivory Carvings exhibited one of the finest, I confess to thinking it myself from a somewhat hasty glance the most dignified and impressive of all, is of English workmanship. It is a diptych representing on one side the Virgin and Child, on the other our Blessed Lord. I am not in the least surprised to find that this beautiful ivory is attributed to an English artist, it has certainly the fine characteristics of English mediæval work, characteristics of "simplicity and dignity", to quote from the catalogue, not surpassed anywhere at any time. It is a curious thing how so many people, English people, hold a comparatively low view of their native art, and neglect it. They seem to have ever before them, in artistic concerns, Mr. Yorick's famous saying, "They order this matter better in France"—or in Italy, or in Spain, or in Germany, as the case may be. Amazing obsession! A serious study of our art through the past centuries might show us, that in these things we can manage our own matters admirably well, when we are true to our native genius and traditions. But this is touching upon something hardly germane to a note on the Salting Bequest, and I must refrain. Only the sight of this impressive ivory, of some of these exquisite miniatures, has raised the thought in my mind, as I write, irresistibly.

#### RICHTER AND OTHERS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

RICHTER makes his farewell appearance on the concert platform on 10 April. It would be foolish to say he will be missed by the London concert-going public as he would have been had he retired twenty or even fifteen years ago. For several years Manchester has been his headquarters, and he has come to London only as a visitor to direct some of the Symphony Orchestra's concerts. But those of us who in bygone days used to hunger and thirst after orchestral music and long in vain for it will always remember with gratitude that for a brief period once a year he used to assuage our pangs. His undertaking required more courage than it would in these great days. The musical public was a very tiny one; and Wagner was anything but a draw. Indeed, Wagner was regarded "with suspicion" by the academic potentates and with open hostility by the critics of several influential newspapers; and to be famous in Germany as a Wagner conductor, and a pupil of Wagner as well, was not a recommendation—readers of the "Daily Telegraph" will remember that it was not even a recommendation to mercy. But Richter gradually conquered; his foes found it wisdom to keep their opinions, if they had any, to themselves; he educated us all; and the concerts of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and of the Symphony and New Symphony Orchestras, were made possible by his labours. It is to be hoped that on 10 April Queen's Hall will be packed from floor to ceiling.

It is not my intention to-day to discuss Richter in detail. I have written many, many columns about his conducting; and eighteen months ago a colleague summed him up admirably in this REVIEW. It need only be said that as an all-round man he stands easily first amongst the many conductors with whom we are now familiar. His versatility and eternal youthfulness are marvellous.



# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,891 Vol. III.

25 March 1911.

GRATIS.

## Smith, Elder, & Co.'s List

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## SUPPLEMENT.

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"Popular Garden Flowers." By Walter P. Wright. With 6 Illustrations in Colour, and 48 in Black and White. London: Grant Richards. 1911. 6s. net.

"Annual and Biennial Garden Plants." By A. E. Speer. With Illustrations by the Author. London: H. Murray. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Beginner's Book of Gardening." Handbooks of Practical Gardening. By Harry Roberts. London: Lane. 1911. 2s. 6d. net.

"Flowers of the Field." By Rev. C. A. Johns. 33rd edition, entirely Revised by G. S. Boulger. London: S.P.C.K. 1911. 7s. 6d.

"Wild Flowers as they Grow." Photographed in Colour direct from Nature. By H. Essenhigh Corke, with Descriptive Text by G. Clarke Nuttall. London: Cassell. 1911. 5s. net.

"Barr's Hardy Perennials; Alpines, Carnations, Hardy Climbers, and Ornamental Shrubs." 1911.

"Kelway's Manual." 1910-11.

THE spring season now yearly brings a succession of gardening books as well as buds and blossoms, and in some ways there is as much likeness among them as between last year's snowdrops and the blooms which peeped out this January, only without the freshness which the recurrent wonder of returning life brings with it. One is apt to grow tired of the "herbaceous border", the "rose garden" and "lily groups", which have become familiar pictures in countless gardening books. The same flowers, the same themes, are treated of again and again, like a melody with variations. But many gardening amateurs of to-day have but lately embarked on that sea of delight, and are ready to catch at any book likely to help them over the first and most difficult period of many failures. Most of the books this season are evidently written for the amateur enthusiast, and for them there is much that should be welcome. "Popular Garden Flowers" is a series of chapters on the most showy among hardy border plants arranged in alphabetical order, with illustrations in black and white from photographs, and a few typical garden scenes from water-colours. Mr. Walter P. Wright has already given two useful books to the public, "The Perfect Garden" and "The Garden Week by Week", and the present volume "completes the trilogy". Under every heading "Asters", "Begonias", "Carnations", and so on, the types and the best varieties are given with short cultural directions, together with something of the folklore and history of the family. There is much sound information about every flower in a compact and easily assimilated form. Even although the story has been told before this class of book has constantly to be brought up to date to keep pace with new favourites which supersede the old. It is curious to compare the "popular" flowers of to-day with those which earned that title seventy or eighty years ago. The dahlia, for which the author almost offers an apology, would then have held a foremost place. He laments the want of history in connexion with this plant, and in giving the little it possesses omits the chief point, namely, that it had to be re-introduced from Spain by Lady Holland in 1804, and therefore it cannot be said to have "been grown in British gardens since 1789". "Annual and Biennial Garden Plants", by A. E. Speer, is a book which will be useful to many who wish for bright annuals and have hitherto had recourse to the well-got-up seedsmen's catalogues for their information. It contains a concise explanatory introduction, and a full alphabetical list of

plants which are either true annuals or biennials, or which have to be treated as such in this country. So much has been written about perennials of late years that these more frail beauties, which can be reproduced by seed only, are apt to be neglected, so such a book for reference was needed. To the unlearned even the pretty spring catalogues are a source of confusion, as some give either the Latin or the English names only. I have met the anxious amateur, for instance, longing to grow the "Swan-River Daisy" and failing to recognise it under the name of "Brachycome". The present hand-list would be invaluable in such trying circumstances. There seem few omissions, but the newest of annuals, and one likely to be a favourite especially in hot, dry situations, as the "Namaqualand Daisy" is only tabulated as "*Dimorphotheca aurantiaca*". There are good illustrations in monochrome and colour.

"The Beginner's Book of Gardening" will not take the beginner very far; one can only hope that having digested this volume, which is truthful and practical as far as it goes, he will specialise. The chapter on rock and alpine plants, two and a half pages in length, cannot be said to exhaust the subject, although its hints and warnings are much to the point; but it seems curious that the "short list of a few of the more valuable rock plants with which the beginner may experiment" should contain a dozen genera commencing with the letter A, while such obvious rock plants as the campanula, dianthus, saxifrage, or thyme have no place. Surely this is an oversight?

Two of the works on flowers just published deal with wild species. One of these, the thirty-third edition of the well-known "Flowers of the Field", requires but few words to recommend it. The first edition of this excellent work by the Rev. C. A. Johns appeared in 1853, and it has been constantly added to and improved ever since, and every successive generation of plant-collectors has had reason to be grateful to this, the most handy and simple among the complete guides to British flora. The present editor, Professor G. S. Boulger, as he states in the interesting memoir of Johns, now for the first time appended, "entirely recast" and largely rewrote the book in 1899 for the twenty-ninth edition, and in its present form it is still further brought completely up to date. "Wild Flowers as they Grow" is a new departure among botanical books, as the plants are photographed in situ in colour. Naturally only some of the more conspicuous British wild flowers have been chosen, and the results are very charming. The yellow flowers are the least true to colour (except the lesser celandine), but the blues and pinks are inimitable. One of the most wonderful results is the bee orchis, while in the white dead nettle the texture of the leaves surpasses any drawing. Perhaps the ox-eye daisy is the most artistic of the twenty-five plates. It requires six minutes' exposure to produce a photograph in colour by the Lumière process; thus anyone who has attempted ordinary photography of flowers, and knows how they sway and tremble when there is apparently no wind, will appreciate the success of these studies. It is difficult to supply suitable text for a series of pretty pictures, but Mrs. Clarke Nuttall has put together in a pleasant way much that is interesting and fascinating, chiefly about the methods of fertilisation, which will appeal to those who do not care to read more technical scientific works. This book is well adapted for a prize to encourage "nature study", and should become widely known.

## NOVELS.

"Account Rendered." By E. F. Benson. London: Heinemann. 1911. 6s.

Mr. Benson's beer is becoming smaller and smaller. Once there seemed a possibility of his writing, not indeed a great novel, but a novel of distinction. He had the gift of narrative, and though his English was always uncertain, he could write persuasive prose, especially when he was not trying to be too impressive. He had a certain kind of humour, and he had, too, a

certain kind of pathos. Both were rather prone to a cheap sort of emphasis, but they did get their effects; and the pathos especially was patiently worked for, and with a nice sense of the position of the public's tears.

But the notable novel never came, and now the negligible novel is coming all too frequently. There is a dreary facility for smallness about the latest, which moves one rather to regret than criticism. When an artist's choice is at fault one can only express sorrow that he has so chosen. Having made his choice of the wrong material, it matters little whether he handle it well or ill. Mr. Benson always writes fluently; indeed, his fluency only helps to reveal how sterile is the stuff of which he writes. If he wrote worse one might imagine him to be struggling ineffectively to say something; but his smooth accomplishment declares how little he has to say. His smallness is not the minuteness which sees in the microcosm an interpretative concentration; it is the smallness of the inessential, the gossipy smallness of circumscribed personality.

To judge by books published, there must be thousands to whom that smallness, reproducing so nearly their daily existence, without a disconcerting perspicacity of illumination, must represent exactly the art they most admire, the niggling niceness of imitation which presents no vision with which they are not completely cognisant. It is all done admirably in "Account Rendered": the domestic art of a Royal Academy exhibition conveyed into a volume of cosy prose. You can hear the dogs bark, and the children prattle, as plainly as though you overheard them; and listen to the mild love-making of the lovers without feeling any of the discomfort of an eavesdropper. It is all as comfortably removed from the art of fiction as the cinematograph picture is from the art of the theatre; but to the innocent it may seem the very sun-print of reality. Those who so regard it have, however, some ground for complaint at the way the author fails to keep faith with them. No one has any right to finish a pleasant humdrum comedy by flinging his hero over the cliff at the close. The "villainy" of Lady Tenby was bad enough, though that is not sprung on the reader as a surprise; but the suicide of her commonplace son because he discovers that his wife is not going to see any more of an old friend whom she has suddenly and stupidly grown fond of, would be bad art were it art at all, but being what it is seems, at least, to be bad manners. One should be secure from the tragic in a trivial comedy, especially when one has endured or delighted in its triviality for several hundred pages.

**"Mezzogiorno."** By John Ayscough. London: Chatto and Windus. 1910. 6s.

This story begins well and has an effective ending. In between it hangs fire a good deal. The author himself speaks of the "deliberateness" of his characters. The first hundred pages are interesting even if they now and then remind one of that extinct form of entertainment called a panorama, wherein a gentleman with a wand expatiated at intervals on the salient features of a revolving landscape. "From Taormina to Tripoli", as Book I. might be entitled, shows us the girl Gillian wandering about with her nomadic father the landscape-painter, and falling a prey on his sudden death to the statuesque Greek scoundrel Eustachio. Then there is a break. Gillian turns up in England as the Duchessa di Torre Greca, well off and a widow, and takes the old manor-house at Moat. Eustachio has fooled her with a mock marriage and died. An elderly Italian nobleman has really married her and died. In the country her near neighbour is Mr. Andros, an earnest Catholic squire. And now comes the stuffing—quite good reading, much of it, but still stuffing. Andros and Gillian talk at length of literature and the Catholic religion. "I like Carlyle", says Gillian, "better than Macaulay—an ill-tempered anti-pope is finer company than a prig on an elephant. The four gospels may have been written at Ecclefechan: but I cannot believe the Almighty is a Whig". And so on. It does not sound very like sweet-and-twenty-four, however much widowed. Then there is Father Pope, the chaplain,

who discourses of liberty, education, democracy and the suffrage from his own point of view. We like Father Pope and are quite reluctant to point out that considered as art the story is slightly overweighted by his excellent expositions. Perhaps after all the story is but the jam whereby these things are meant to be administered to the novel-reading public. In that case we can only hope it will not skip.

**"Uncle Polperro."** By Alphonse Courlander. London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.

Even as a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of the hearer so must the success of a story depend in some degree on the reader. The adventurous farce of Mr. Courlander's new book is of a kind that will be liked by some readers as it will be disliked by others. Uncle Polperro is a retired candy manufacturer who has sufficient simplicity to allow himself to be cheated by everyone. In Paris he buys of a Monsieur Jenairien—the pun is of course intentional—a small island in the South Seas, with natives, breadfruit trees, and other accessories included, for £2000, and he fits out a ship that he may not only go and take possession but that he may assume the sovereignty of the island. He takes a nephew and a niece with him, while Captain Snack mans the vessel with a number of his own poor relations, adding a couple of strangers just for the look of the thing, and a certain fat widow who has secret knowledge of a treasure to be found in Bongoland. A few days after starting, Jenny Snack, the captain's daughter, is found in the hold, having come aboard as a stowaway on her father refusing to include her in his party. It is really a story of mere make-believe—of playing at adventures. There is a mutinous plot against Polperro—most simple-minded of adventurers—there is a harmless shipwreck, and the finding of a treasure which is worthless. With three women in the expedition there are of course three love stories. Readers with a liking for sheer farce will find the book entertaining; those who are "hot for certainties" will, we fancy, find it more than a little boring.

**"The Gentleman Help."** By Elizabeth Holland. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1910. 6s.

Gerald Hartley became bear-leader to Frank Harcourt, one of a preposterous family of young people whose education and manners had been criminally neglected by a beautiful and immoral stepmother. This siren widow resided in a separate wing of Harcourt Castle, a country house which boasted a "hall porter", and was situated "up north", where apparently wills have to be "sealed" by the testator and both witnesses. The lack of common knowledge which results in howlers like these is not redeemed here by any strength of plot or character-drawing. Even the tiresome bad grammar and incorrect spelling of Frank and Guinevere Mary and the rest are clearly of the author's manufacture and want the ring of real illiterateness. The typographical device of printing the frequent telegrams torn open by Hartley with each word inserted in a ruled-off compartment, in imitation of the forms upon which such messages are usually handed in, is rather funny if meant as an added touch of realism. But it is not less convincing than the amateurish tale itself.

**"Darwell Stories."** By F. Warre Cornish. London: Constable. 1910. 6s.

In this book, which is of the full six-shilling novel calibre, we have four long stories, each of some half-dozen chapters, by one whom we know both as the author of "Sunningwell" and as Vice-Provost of Eton College. A fifth story, shorter and of other merits, but truly in harmony, is stated to be by "G. W. C.", in whom we venture to recognise the translator of several Greek plays. Here, however, father and son collaborate most happily in studies of simple folk from a county which they know and love in common. "G. W. C.'s" contribution displays a dramatic sense, comic and tragic, which he utilises for setting off a vital problem in the lives of the poor. The longer stories, we think, are more successful in proportion to their ambition; but the first one, "Martha Frost's



Penance", draws the long bow rather too far for our credulity. The second, "The Stepping-Stones", is a tragic tale of a gamekeeper's daughter, the inconvenience of whose social position, "rather above her rank than below it", is conveyed to the reader with great skill. In "Darfield Hall" the social milieu shifts a little higher up the conventional scale, the hero and heroine being respectively the young landed gentleman and the daughter of his father's bailiff; but both are alumni of Cambridge, and the girl a scholar. This story, after a series of cleverly truthful episodes, ends happily, and on the whole is the best story in the volume. The last, "The Wooing of Widow Wildgoose", is also comedy—low comedy, if one may say so, of a very high order. Indeed, it is impossible to convey in so short a summary the innumerable subtleties and literary touches which make these simple stories into graceful works of art. They are "not meat for little men or fools".

"Grit." By G. H. Russell. London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

In the first chapter the boy-hero receives a letter from his South African father to say that the family business is in a very bad way, and he forthwith saves from drowning a man who happens to be a very rich financier. After ten pages, therefore, we toe the line; Mr. Russell says "Are you ready? Go!" and away goes the gallant and boyish tale on the good old lines, now reminiscent of G. A. Henty and now smacking of "King Solomon's Mines", with fighting and mystery and faithful natives and false Germans, and the rich financier's young female relative hard by, to come in handy for being nobly defended and to suggest in the closing pages that the crown of life is the love of a rich financier's good young female relative, although, of course, in a book for healthy young Britons this theme is subordinated to the more material advantages of diddling native chiefs in the matter of concessions for gold-mines. It quickens the breath even to relate so much. Mr. Russell knows his business and knows his ground; but he also has the rarer trick of keeping surprises up his sleeve. Except, of course, that one knows—and alas for the cynical sophistication of such knowledge!—that it will all come right in the end. Time was, when such a book would have been crowned by us with our topmost adjective "ripping"; and in the trust that the gallant spirit still stirs in the younger generation, it will make a capital present for our nephews.

"Miss Wender." By Ina Wye. London: Digby, Long. 1910. 6s.

We finish the reading of this story by asking the question whether Miss Eva Wender retains her name for the rest of her life. The author gives no definite answer, but it is really an important matter, for Miss Wender certainly does not deserve a husband, though she probably gets one. She is the beautiful, noble, self-sacrificing heroine who goes about breaking hearts, and in the fulness of her generosity arranges that her discarded lovers shall abide continually in the light of her presence, while she lives in a cottage on one lover's estate following with reverent mind the doings of the man who would be an actor "sworn to achieve success in the character of a devil". The author, having made a puppet, is largely engaged in setting this puppet up on pedestal after pedestal, so that Eva Wender seems to be always posing though she is in reality merely being posed. Lord Wender is her father, while her mother is a divorced drunkard—and of course part of Eva's nobility is shown in her standing by her mother, though doing so involves the loss of her worthier parent. Miss Wender is beloved by a reverend gentleman who facetiously addresses a child intruder in his wood with "Begone out of my wood, you blasphemous little beggar"; and she is engaged to her cousin Tony, but the actor has her heart, and the prayers of the others are of no avail. Miss Wender is too much of a prig for our liking.

## SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Last Stuart Queen." By H. M. Vaughan. London: Duckworth. 16s.

The bride of "Prince Charlie", the love of Alfieri, the Countess of Albany holds an interesting if melancholy place in history, yet her story was unknown to English readers until the appearance in 1834 of "Vernon Lee's" "Study". Mr. Vaughan has now given us her biography in a substantial volume, well written and full of dramatic and literary interest. How it came about that Charles Edward the romantic failed to win the affection of the "Queen of hearts" is well explained. She was nineteen and he was fifty. She was cultured and romantic and he had become a morose and disappointed drunkard. It is satisfactory to learn that the first year of their married life was not unhappy, but afterwards Charles was annoyed that no heir was born to the House of Stuart, and the Countess was irritated not only at her husband's habits but at her partial exclusion from the society of Rome and Florence owing to his obstinate demand that he should be treated as a crowned head. It was then that Alfieri came into the Countess' life and the painful drama commenced. Of the parties concerned one only comes out with honour—the Cardinal of York. That Alfieri should subsequently have attacked the Cardinal who so chivalrously shielded the Countess against his brother and sovereign proves him a scoundrel. That this aristocratic republican actually conceived that he was acting like one of Plutarch's men in robbing a king of his wife is significant of the age.

"The Life and Legend of the Lady Saint Clare." Translated from the French Version of 1533 by Charlotte Balfour. London: Longmans. 4s. 6d.

It has been said that no one were he now alive would be more displeased with the development of Franciscanism than S. Francis himself. Anyway, it is probable that the Franciscan ideal would have been utterly lost had it not been for the stand which S. Clare made for the ideal of poverty. In that struggle she was, so far as her own order was concerned, only partially successful. It is difficult in this connexion to avoid the introduction of modern ideas. It may be the case, as Father Cuthbert says in the able and impartial summary of the controversy which is prefixed to the biography, that the chief preoccupation of the community of "Poor Ladies" was, according to S. Clare's own idea, to have been the interior life, though there would have existed in subordination to it an external ministry similar to that of the friars. It is any way clear that Cardinal Ugolino was altogether opposed to external religious activities for women, and that he desired to convert the "Poor Ladies" into a Benedictine order of a strict type, to separate them from the Franciscan order, and, what was even more important, to insist upon their receiving endowments of lands and money. It is true that the rules of the Poor Ladies, as finally approved by Innocent IV. in 1253, made poverty, as taught by S. Francis, their absolute law, and associated them definitely with the Franciscan Brethren; but they retained Ugolino's idea that the Poor Ladies should be an enclosed order, and thus was probably prevented the rise of a mediaeval order of Sisters of Charity. The striking feature in the long dispute is the firm and courteous manner in which S. Clare contended for her ideal with such pontiffs as Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. It is none the less remarkable that the Saint was revered by Ghibellines no less than by Guelphs, and that it was due to her holiness and prayers that the city of Assisi escaped from the Saracen troops of the army of Frederick II. The excellent translation of the "legend" and the illustrations should commend the book for a devotional library.

"John Brown." By Oswald Garrison Villard. London: Constable. 21s. net.

John Brown is the hero of Harper's Ferry, whose insanity brought matters between North and South to the war point. There can be little doubt for anyone who stands outside American views that Brown was a religious monomaniac. The defence of insanity was set up on his trial, and his family history was shown to be bad. His own portrait, and those of his sons, in this volume, tell an unmistakable story, and we never saw a more sinister lot. One of them went actually mad after one of the most horrible murders on record done by the family party on five defenceless persons. Mr. Villard finds all the excuses he can, but finally has to conclude that Brown's party were simply atrocious murderers. And Harper's Ferry was almost as bad, though it suited the Northerners to exalt Brown into a martyr and set his soul marching on in the most grotesque war-song that probably ever animated an army in the history of the world. Brown's life had no more significance or importance than that of the

lunatic who throws a train off the line. When the consequences of his lunacy to sane men are known, all is known about him that needs be known. With a recognition of the mysterious fact that Providence does often play ironical tricks of this sort with historical events, the interest in a man like Brown is exhausted. This makes Mr. Villard's volume of nearly eight hundred pages a colossal piece of misspent labour. It was not worth while to treat the Kansas desperado as if he were a great statesman controlling a national movement by a series of efforts important to be unravelled and shown in their true relations to the historical issue. All the policy of which Brown was capable was to force North and South into war; and he did this by acts which were marked only by the cunning and irresponsibility of the lunatic. We can hardly give the author the praise his book for many merits deserves; he has drawn Brown on so grossly exaggerated a scale.

"Douglas Jerrold and 'Punch.'" By Walter Jerrold. London: Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

Is it in some sort of rivalry with Mr. Spielmann's "History of 'Punch'" and "Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to 'Punch'" that Mr. Jerrold, a grandson of Douglas Jerrold, has produced this volume in the seventieth year of "Punch's" existence? It is somewhat strange now to read that Thackeray, Dickens and Jerrold were a trio of pretty nearly equal reputation in their day, with contemporary betting about even on their enduring fame. True, Douglas Jerrold is in a little better case than the "celebrated Hornegold" who was spoken of with "illustrious" Seymour and "redoubtable" Cruikshank, but who now, says Mr. Jerrold, "evades identification". A few living persons have read the "Story of a Feather", many more "The Caudle Lectures", but even they would probably not turn eagerly to read "Capsicum House for Young Ladies", "The Life and Adventures of Miss Robinson Crusoe", "Our Honeymoon", and "Exhibition of the English in China", all of which are here reprinted for the first time from the contributions to "Punch", and are not in the collected works of the author. A like industry of search has been applied to Thackeray and to Dickens; and with what result? A purely negative one. With great industry Mr. Jerrold has compiled a bibliography of Jerrold's contributions to "Punch", admittedly ephemeral. It is a remarkable record of cleverness and versatility of a man who was also one of the busiest dramatists and writers in journalism and other forms of popular literature. But we do not know that there is any dispute about the part that Jerrold played in making the success of "Punch", nor that anyone is inclined to deprive of this credit the man who, though he was not one of the founders of "Punch", was the founder and editor of its predecessor "Punch in London". However, Mr. Jerrold brings out on broader lines in three or four chapters the influence Jerrold had on "Punch" and the obligations it was under to him for its early success, and he tells us a good deal about the "Punch" circle and other literary men of the time, which, if not markedly new, certainly makes agreeable reading and revives pleasant memories.

"Leaders of the People: Studies in Democratic History." By Joseph Clayton. London: Secker. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Clayton has got together the oddest assortment of historical characters as leaders of Democracy. Only the most distorted view of English history could place Anselm, Grosseteste, Simon de Montfort, Jack Cade, Hampden, Lilburne, and Ernest Jones the Chartist under the same classification. In a way they were all perhaps during one part of their careers popular heroes, or sought to be, or had quarrels with constituted authority; beyond this very loose bond of connexion they have no resemblance at all. The sketches in themselves are in the last degree jejune and unsatisfactory. The author makes little attempt to give a full account of both sides of the disputes in which these men figured, and without such critical consideration no studies of this kind have any real value. In each case a considerable list of authorities is cited, and we do not wish to insinuate that the author has not read them; probably he has, but the result is meagre and unsatisfying. The sketches read like lectures delivered at a Radical Club, and as such they might be of some service in conveying a modicum of useful information to an audience of that kind. Whether or no they have ever been thus delivered before we do not know, but there was no excuse for presenting them to the public in permanent form.

"Ethnology of A-Kamba, and other East African Tribes." By C. W. Hobley. Cambridge: At the University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

The bulk of the raw material for the science of ethnology must always come to us from the non-specialist owing to its

great variety and complexity, and the length of time needed for its collection. The British administrator, found as he is among the most diverse races of the world, has it in his power to give most valuable matter. Moreover, it is scarcely recognised how even a slight training in the ethnological standpoint is of the greatest practical value for those who have to deal with the lower races: anyone who has lived among savages will have witnessed cases of unwitting injustice due to sheer ignorance; in particular, a slight knowledge of the religious psychology of a lower race may save the most serious misunderstandings. Signs are not wanting, however, that the Colonial Office is becoming aware of these facts. The book before us is a pattern of what may be done by the administrator; it is a straightforward statement of facts, free from ill-founded general conclusions and personal conjectures, and from those irritating flashes of Mutual Improvement Society wit, of which some writers in this field are so fond. The greater part consists of chapters on the A-Kamba, an East African people numbering some 250,000, and dwelling between Mount Kenia and the sea. In many ways they are akin to the neighbouring A-Kikuyu, who have of late been also described. The chiefship is hardly developed at all, government being in the hands of the old men in general. Their religion is mainly a worship of the ghosts of the dead ("aimu"). It is noteworthy that the women have "aimu" husbands, who are looked on as "to a great extent" the true fathers of the children. We have here a close parallel to the Central Australian beliefs in totemic fatherhood. There is also a belief in a higher Being, who is vaguely held to dwell in the sky; but this enters hardly at all into their lives.

"Old Country Inns." By H. P. Maskell and E. W. Gregory. With illustrations by the Authors. London: Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.

There seems to be no end to the beauties of country inns. Mr. Harper published two large volumes full of pictures, and here is another: yet they hardly repeat each other. This book has another merit, however, besides its pictures. It contains a great deal of information, most attractively given, and with that sure touch which is only found when an author knows his subject. The careless reader might perhaps think it light reading, and so it is, if light reading means pleasant reading; but it is easy to see on every page that the tale so pleasantly told is based on long and careful study. This is, in fact, a clever book and even a learned book, but not a page is dull. There is a certain historical thread running through the book. The authors sketch the origin of inns—the subject is artfully introduced by a question which every reader will ask, Which is the oldest inn? They then, without formally proposing it, take various signs, and connect them with English history; and before we know where we are we have come to the nineteenth century and the stage coaches. The chapters that follow are on various subjects that are suggested by the survey: as, the inns connected with literature, fanciful signs, haunted inns, architecture, the commercial traveller, the new inn and its possibilities. The last subject brings us in touch with the needs of modern life; and the book would certainly be useful to the politician, if he were in a temper to learn anything useful from anybody. Like all who know anything about the facts, our authors are champions of the country inns and their landlords: they have put forward better than we have ever seen it done the place which the inn takes in English life, they show its importance, and firmly deprecate the attacks of faddists. They also state in plain terms the injustice of the treatment which is now meted out to the innkeeper. Amidst all the entertaining gossip, all the glimpses of happy life which this book contains, we are most struck by the historical importance of the inn. Here are some questions for our readers to answer: Why is the inn next to the church, sometimes even in the churchyard? Why is the keeper called the landlord? Why is the man in the stable-yard called the hosteller? Why do inns bear a coat of arms? If they can answer these questions offhand, they will know more about English history than most people. Here the readers will find the questions answered, and also they will know why so many inns are called the White Hart, and the Bull, Swan, Antelope, White Lion, White Boar. They will also find something about innumerable inns which they may pass on their travels, and if they are at all like the present writer, they will note many a one for a future visit. The book has an excellent index. We cordially welcome a book written with knowledge, good sense and humour.

"The British Bird Book." (In 12 sections.) Edited by F. B. Kirkman. London: Jack. 10s. 6d. net.

A very various team of naturalists are met together within the covers of this "complete work on birds, nests and eggs:



of Great Britain". Mr. Pycraft, delighting in the precise detail of the zoologist, finds himself next Mr. Edmund Selous, who illustrates a song with quotations from half the poets. The pictures are as various. The two hundred colour plates, which are big and a little untidy in character, are separated by many photographs, which are rather small but admirably neat. But the point of view in a great many of the very full descriptions is the philosophic if not the scientific. Mr. Selous at times wanders rather far afield, as when he discourses on the evolution of parasitism in a chapter on the wagtails; but he always writes from a great store of original observation. The discursiveness at worst is better than the sham, rather perky manner in which Mr. Turner discourses on the wren; and he absurdly overdoes the skill of the cock bird in adaptation to environment. He builds as a rule from whatever material happens to lie nearest. Mr. Seaby's pictures are good, but he seems to us to over-elaborate the surroundings. There is a deal to be said in favour of simple and faithful pictures of the birds themselves, and little but the birds.

"The Wild Beasts of the World." By Frank Fison. London: Jack. 7s. 6d.

This pictorial guide to the beasts of the world is perhaps not the worse for being illustrated with rather crude colour prints; it is certainly better for the large type and general spaciousness of the volume. It is essentially a child's book, and the pictures are quite well designed to catch a child's interest and fancy. It is a question if there is any naturalist better suited to work of this kind than Mr. Fison. He has had much zoological experience, is a considerable authority on caged birds, and is a fair field naturalist. Some of the little notes and chapters are very well compressed and all are clear. The mistakes come from excessive compression. The chapter for example on "Reindeer and Caribou" gives no account of the considerable differences of the Newfoundland caribou. To take a very different animal, the account of the dormouse might have contained a line or two descriptive of its winter cradle. But the volume is good of its kind. It will please children greatly and stimulate their interest; and it has some value as a reference book, a sort of guide to the Zoo for elder persons.

"In Forbidden Seas." By H. J. Snow. London: Arnold. 12s. 6d.

The picturesque title is a mistake. Mr. Snow has a mass of most interesting and quite new information collected over a long period of years spent in hunting the sea otter in the Kuril Islands, over against Japan. Some of his work has been printed and honoured by the Royal Geographical Society; but this modest book of personal experiences in hunting is hardly less valuable than that strictly scientific treatise. Incidentally he throws light on a side of Japanese character that has not been known in Europe. There is a seafaring population impregnated with the spirit of adventure. The toll of life in these northern hunting trips, some few of which are a great commercial success, is very large; and there is many a Robinson Crusoe stranded on some small island. The game of hunting the sea otter will not appeal to many readers, but all that is incidental to the sport should appeal to most. The natural history is good, and certain "eminent zoologists" in America will quail before the criticism of this hunter who has watched the animals in their native haunts over a period of twenty years. The further experiences diffidently suggested ought certainly to be published, though we may presume the more exciting incidents, such as the mutiny and the affair with the Russians, have been exhausted.

"Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness." By Hesketh Prichard. London: Heinemann. 15s. net.

Mr. Hesketh Prichard has made Patagonia his happy hunting ground; and all that he writes of the country is worth reading. When he finds himself in better known grounds he is more sportsman than traveller, and as such sets an exaggerated value on particular kills and particular stalks. He is for example curiously unsuccessful in raising a picture of the Newfoundland country; and is so little precise as to omit altogether the name of the numerous berry-bearing plants which turn to scarlet, as he observes, the autumn spaces. Not even the prevalence of the currant and raspberry and bunch-berry is recorded. On one point we would join issue. Are the game-laws of Newfoundland so perfect? With regard to salmon the close-time is surely extended beyond all reasonable limits, while grey seals are allowed to strip the rivers without hindrance. But this is a small point. As a preserver, rather than a slayer, of big game Mr. Hesketh Prichard is a model; and he is an eminent traveller. All his account of the Pampas of Patagonia has the flavour of the happy traveller and his account

of the guanaco in its haunts is a real addition to natural history knowledge. He also touched virgin ground in Labrador, and his record of that curious land will help to its development, which is likely to be rapid.

"Waves of the Sea and other Water Waves." By Vaughan Cornish. London: Fisher Unwin. 10s. net.

Language is full of metaphors which show how the living swing of the water has seized upon the imagination of every race. In the book before us Dr. Vaughan Cornish has gathered together a number of observations of waves in water under all sorts of conditions—from the great ocean swell to the wind ripple on a pond, from the rhythm set up by water flowing down a smooth conduit to the throbbing spray of Niagara. The observations have been made in all parts of the world and are illustrated by a series of excellent photographs, but it can hardly be said that Dr. Cornish has added much either to the theoretical or the practical discussion of the subject. It must be admitted that the difficulties are great; the motions of a fluid like water under the action of another fluid—air—have taxed all the resources of mathematicians like Helmholtz and Stokes. Nor is the experimental study of waves any less difficult, though advances are now being made in this direction. But even after all allowances have been made for the difficulties attaching to the theoretical treatment of the question, we cannot help feeling that Dr. Cornish's methods might have been made a good deal more informing had they possessed a more fundamental physical backing. Nevertheless, when the fully equipped physicist does arrive and construct his general theory, he will find in Dr. Cornish's book a careful and systematic account of the many and various forms of waves that are to be found in nature and the conditions under which they arise.

"The History of the Cavendish Laboratory, 1871-1910." London: Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

Why should any laboratory be given a history extending to 342 pages and what is the Cavendish Laboratory anyhow? The answer is that the Cavendish is the Physics Laboratory at Cambridge, which during the forty years here recorded has been under the charge of three men, Clerk-Maxwell, Rayleigh, and J. J. Thomson. Forty years ago there was no electric light, no electric traction, no telephone, no wireless, and a great deal of the unseen foundations on which these wonders are built was laid in the Cavendish Laboratory. For example, out of Clerk-Maxwell's work grew Hertz' researches, which were rapidly translated into wireless telegraphy as we have it to-day. All practical electrical measurements, e.g. the very units by which we pay for the electric light, grew even more directly out of Lord Rayleigh's determinations of the fundamental constants, and we may be equally sure that Sir J. J. Thomson's highly abstruse performances in the way of disintegrating the atom will have some extraordinary practical outcome before long. Little store, however, is set on practical results at the Cavendish Laboratory: there knowledge is sought for its own sake, and experience has shown that the most fruit comes that way. The present book is a history of the growth of the laboratory and of the chief researches therein conducted, contributed by some of the most prominent men who have at one period or other worked there.

"The A B C about Collecting." By Sir James Yoxall, M.P. London: Stanley Paul. 5s. net.

"The A B C of Collecting Old English China." By J. F. Blacker. London: Stanley Paul. 5s. net.

Two well-written and useful books, astonishingly cheap and full of information useful to the ignorant collector. Each is a new edition, more profusely illustrated than the former ones and with many pages on various subjects added. Sir J. Yoxall writes about everything, or nearly everything, for he ignores the highest and lowest forms of collecting, namely, Greek coins and postage stamps; he also makes some astonishing statements. "Baxter's are already better than Bartolozzi's". "Here is a fine old Liddell and Scott worth ten shillings". It is almost amusing to read on page 83: "I am a diffuser, but I take care not to diffuse too much". We cannot agree with Sir James when he states there is "no better way of learning to know the real thing than by studying the shams". But the book is very pleasant to read, and the author is an acknowledged authority, and he writes with so much happy enthusiasm that he makes the scornful outsider resolve to being collecting at once.

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Many Wagnerians who were really advanced musicians thirty years ago still think themselves very daring fellows, though the world has swept on far ahead of them; but Richter has always kept well abreast of the times. He has given the newest and most reckless of composers a chance; he has never grown so old-fashioned as to speak disparagingly of Haydn and Mozart. At the Symphony concert of 20 March he gave us Wagner, Haydn, Brahms and Beethoven; and it would be hard to say which piece he made sound best. On the whole I think the "Meistersinger" overture and Beethoven's Eighth symphony came out with the fullest measure of beauty and strength. The E flat symphony of Haydn was much too strenuous; and the Brahms composition—his violin concerto in D—depended more on the soloist than the conductor. Mr. Branislav Hubermann played it intelligently, but the thing is not, properly speaking, violin music at all, and makes hardly more effect than another concerto which is not violin music, Sir Edward Elgar's recent production. I should have liked to hear a greater work than the Beethoven F symphony. It is a charming work, and the finale is magnificent; but—for Beethoven—it is trifling, especially in the Allegretto which takes the place of a slow movement. I only grumble at the choice of this symphony because possibly I may never hear Richter interpret Beethoven again. I am hoping, however, to attend his farewell concert, when the A symphony will be given. If Richter is in the "form" he has shown throughout the season, we shall go away from that concert with memories well worth preserving. I may mention for the benefit of those who are not schooled in these matters that Richter is neither a prima donna nor a popular tenor, and we may take it that this will really be his last appearance and not his last appearance but ever so many.

Richter is an old hand: Sir Henry J. Wood is not the youngest hand, but one of the younger hands; and it was interesting to make a comparison of his methods and their results with those of Richter. The Queen's Hall Orchestra's concert of 18 March was in many respects disappointing. A lot of valuable time was spent on Dvorák's dreary 'cello concerto in B minor: a thing which seems to me more dismal and threadbare every time I hear it. It was played by Mr. Pablo Casals, who has more energy, not to call it violence, than artistic feeling. I dislike hearing the 'cello, the most glorious instrument in the orchestra, made to sound like a particularly raucous trombone. Perhaps the concerto must be treated as he treated it; but the effect was decidedly unpleasant. A Norwegian rhapsody by Lalo is good enough music of its sort, but not in the least Norwegian. The big piece of the afternoon was the Pathetic symphony of Tchaikowsky, which has been heard in London once or twice before, I believe. Sir Henry gave us any amount of emphasis and took some liberties which would have astonished and possibly enraged the composer; but the march in the scherzo came off superbly, and the tragic finale was also finely given. But—like Miss Dartle etc.—has not this symphony been rather hard worked this last ten years? I suppose it still draws; but one has rather a feeling of dread in going to a Queen's Hall concert—one is never sure that it won't be played once again. Frankly, I am weary of it. Tchaikowsky wrote a number of orchestral works, and if some of them were played half as often as the Pathetic symphony they would certainly catch the popular ear. Of course, it is a thing Sir Henry has specialised in—but still! The whole concerto was either heavy or unimportant: Humperdinck's prelude to the second act of "The Children of the King", for instance, is rather a poor bit of work on which to waste the splendid forces of the orchestra; and the Dvorák concerto is, as I have said, very miserable stuff. Dvorák would appear to have sat down and scribbled off anything that came first into his head. He had no faculty of self-criticism, and when he wrote to order without inspiration he could turn out as bad music as ever was written. Sir Henry Wood is a great conductor, and I am glad to note that the programmes of

some of his ensuing concerts will afford him opportunities of showing how great.

Those of us who are interested mainly in beautiful and strong music find piano-recitals as a rule depressing. Some are amusing and serve to pass an hour pleasantly: they are drawing-room concerts given in a place larger than a drawing-room; and there the artist gives us Chopin, the lighter things of Schumann, Schubert, Brahms; and we leave at the end, or before the end, in a soothed and contented frame of mind. Pachmann, for instance, when he does not exasperate us by attempting too much, or by his monkey-trickery, delights for an hour even the most rigorous of us. The serious piano-recital is a different matter. A programme of Beethoven, Schumann (in his heavy style), Brahms (in his), with Chopin's and Liszt's fireworks thrown in to liven the proceedings—this kind of programme demands a pianist of rare powers to make it tolerable; and it requires absolute genius to rouse us to artistic enthusiasm. There are many fine pianists who, playing one or two items at, say, an orchestral music concert are, in the best sense of the word, effective; there are perhaps about half-a-dozen alive to-day—half-a-dozen serious artists, not piano-ticklers—who are equal to a recital. Amongst the half-dozen are at any rate two women; and this is rather surprising, for there have been in the past very few good women pianists. We all remember, of course, Clara Schumann, at times so thoughtful and atrociously dull, at other times so full of fire, insight, and imagination. There was Sophia Menter with her fist of steel and her imagination of wood; there was Carreño, who could hold one enthralled during a drowsy summer afternoon. And there was, and is, that pertinacious little army of lady-pianists that one didn't mind hearing and didn't mind if one didn't hear. But all these remembrances have been wiped away by a recital given by Madame Mania Seguel, who played the forgotten and the remembered composers in a way that must have won the heart of everyone who knows Mozart. I intend to speak about her concert, and also about some other concerts, as soon as there is space to spare.

#### A PLAY ABOUT AMERICA.

WHO is Mr. John Goldie? "Business", a play put down to him on last Monday's programme of the Stage Society, is a remarkable performance; and, if Mr. Goldie were as unknown as his name, the play would be matter for extreme surprise. But Mr. Goldie—an unknown name—is not an unknown person. He is new to playwriting, but not new to letters. I will not say who he actually is, as I do not know how far the secret is an open one. It is enough to know that "Business" is not the play of an undistinguished man, but of one already known for his work in other directions.

It is by no means a good play. There are half-a-dozen playwrights of less intelligence than he who could teach Mr. Goldie a great deal in the art of building a scene and of handling a dialogue. Mr. Goldie has none of the mechanical perfections: perhaps he does not greatly care. But he has a great deal to say; and, though he is a little discursive, and tends to repeat himself, he contrives to be interesting. For all its faults, "Business" is worth a dozen well-varnished plays. We have here an exhaustive and critical study of the American business man. Mr. Goldie inspects his oil-king in a spirit of sympathetic cruelty. He is quite pitiless: he spares nothing in his diagnosis of the type. But he is not malign. If the analysis is cruel, it is also charitable. William H. Rackham, President of the Petroleum Improvement Corporation, is the villain of the piece; but he is not senselessly blackened and put incontinently beyond the pale. Mr. Goldie has not treated of oil as Mr. Sinclair treated of beef. Such treatment defeats its purpose. The villain is heard in his own defence, and is allowed most excellent counsel. Has he not lighted the world with oil from San Francisco to Mesopotamia? And has he not for the world without, and in lyric moments for his conscience

within, a fine conception of business as service? A man can only succeed in business by being useful to his fellow men. William H. Rackham can take a Sunday school class every Sunday afternoon without any overwhelming sense of hypocrisy; can address Christian young men of business on the arts of success; and is followed to his grave by battalions of little boys and girls who had regularly every week sat at his feet and listened. Of the irony of all this, looked at from the point of view of his own business methods, William H. Rackham is deliciously unaware; and, when challenged upon his sincerity, his defence is immediate and, so far as he is concerned, conclusive.

The new type of American business man is a menace to all who fail to understand him. Business is war; and all, or nearly all, is fair. As a business man William H. Rackham is a scoundrel. His methods are blackmail, corruption, and evasion of the law. He endeavours to blackmail a railway company into granting him unlawful rebates by threatening to withdraw his transport. He evades the law as to rebates by skillfully falsifying the transaction on paper; and he lies immediately and flatly to the newspapers, which had got wind of the deal. He squeezes out his competitors by bribing their servants for information. One of these servants is bought by promise of a job when he has been "fired" by the employer he is betraying. But William H. Rackham had not authorised this promise; and, having got the information, he refused to pay a cent to the informer. As to taking the man into his employment, that would not be "business". A man who betrayed one master would betray another. He must have men he can trust. If others were fools enough to confide in untrustworthy servants, they must take the consequences. People without discernment had no right to be in business; and for William H. Rackham that was the end of the matter.

The particular piece of warlike business which is the subject of Mr. Goldie's play is a fight between William H. Rackham and Frederick E. Brewster; or, rather, between the principles for which they stand. Rackham stands for efficiency; he is at war with the crime of waste. To him the trust is right and inevitable, because it is at issue with the wasteful economy of free competition. Brewster stands for the straight and open methods of an earlier period in American finance—an equal chance for all, no rebates, or merciless undercutting and buying in of competitors. Rackham, of course, wins. His is the new, brutal, efficient, colourlessly immoral way. The distinctive thing about the business procedure of William H. Rackham is not so much that it is immoral. Morality does not come into the question. It is a hard, cynical use of dirty instruments, simply because they are the only instruments which are for the moment effective. It is the effectiveness that matters, not the dirtiness or cleanliness. Rackham is not ashamed or conscious of the immorality of his business conduct. Morality in business is irrelevant. Business is something entirely apart from private life: it has its own canons. The application of these canons without emotion, or a sense of their baseness or rectitude, spells success and honour. In private life it might be a dirty trick to take advantage of another's folly, or misplaced trust and affection. William H. Rackham would not, for instance, take advantage of the debts of honour contracted by a spendthrift son in order to defeat his mother who was the ally of Brewster and his most stubborn rival. But when this same woman, as a woman of business, trusted a paid servant with strictly business matters, he authorised the corruption of this servant absolutely without shame. The woman, as a business woman, had made a mistake: she had trusted a nigger. She must take the consequences. This view of business, which in the United States is the prevailing view, will have to be reckoned with seriously in all dealings with American business men and American politicians. For in America politics and business are run on the same lines, the only difference between the politician and the man of business being that the politician is a distinctly inferior type. The better brains and the more robust

consciences go into business, the leavings into politics; and the average American politician is often little more than the paid agent of the successful man of business.

William H. Rackham, as I have described him, will seem a black and terrible figure; but outside the watertight compartment where he kept his business conscience he was the most blameless of men, sipping hot milk from his own special cow, effecting small economies in his splendid house, admiring and shielding from the realities of existence in the best American manner his lovely wife—the finest specimen, you may be sure, his dollars and his reputation could procure. He had, too, in private life a moral sense puritanically severe. He would on no account tolerate in the same house with his wife a real "Giorgione", which he considered to pass the bounds of decency. Moreover, he was an excellent father, anxious that his son should without delay learn the principles of compound interest and should acquire habits of thrift and self-control.

Mr. Goldie's play, so far as it is anything, is a study of the American man of business *foris et domi*. Unfortunately, the author has probably heard that you cannot make up a play entirely of business or politics. He has, accordingly, introduced a great deal of extraneous matter; and, presumably for the sake of a story which were better out of the play altogether, he has assassinated William H. Rackham in the Third Act. It is true that we hear of his funeral in Act Four (which is all to the good); but the play without Rackham is like an omelette without the eggs. I am not going into the sentimental side of the play at all. To me it is irrelevant; and it is where the play is weakest. The story of William H. Rackham's woman competitor, and the struggle in her heart between business principles and maternal love, is a moving story, and the chapters are good in parts. But the weakest moments of the play are when the woman is the centre of interest. Rackham's great apologia delivered in Act Two would have been more effective at a later stage of the play; for it is the logical climax to the whole; and it would have told more heavily, if his interlocutor had been the man Brewster, and not the woman whom in early youth he had loved and lost.

P. J.

## THE UNIVERSITY CREWS.

By ALISTER G. KIRBY.

NOW that only a week is left to the University crews for practice, it is possible to form some opinion how they will shape on the day of the race. A comparison on chief points can be made in a very few words. Cambridge has not many individual faults, but some bad ones as a crew, whereas Oxford is quite good as a crew, but possesses some individual faults which one does not usually meet with in a 'Varsity crew. Cambridge have certainly rid themselves of that style of rowing which has been so generally discussed—a style which appeared successful, chiefly from the fact that three mediocre Oxford crews were defeated, but which was proved wrong from failures at Henley and again at Putney, when Oxford could put on a good crew. But whether they have attained the old traditional style of rowing is somewhat doubtful. It seems that they have to a certain degree, but the very efforts to attain it have proved in some measure a stumbling-block. The determination to get a hard beginning has had the effect of making them stiff over the stretcher, and with their muscles rigid they do not get a sharp beginning right behind the rigger. This fault was very apparent during the earlier stages of practice, but is becoming gradually less as they are learning to reach out to their beginning in a less constrained manner. The next point noticeable is the finish. It is certainly hard, but it is not long enough; in fact it is torn out, and as a result—evil the boat is bumped at the finish. There are minor points amiss, but the above are the really bad ones. On the other hand, the leg-work is quite fair, although some of the crew do not take the stroke back in one direct drive. The wrist-work is good, and they



get away their hands after the finish of the stroke in quite a smart way. They also swing very straight in the boat, and in this respect an extraordinary contrast is seen when following the two University crews. Cambridge swing back as one man, whereas Oxford go back like a pair of scissors, the two sides of the boat swinging in opposite directions.

The first fact one is struck with when looking at the Oxford crew is the lack of homogeneity. There seems to be no connecting link between the stern and the bow oars. This has become all the more noticeable since Mr. Mackinnon has removed from five to seven, as this has necessitated Mr. Littlejohn coming from three to five, and in the middle of the boat he cannot help being "overplaced" from the point of view both of weight and experience. Mr. Mackinnon at seven helps stroke in no small degree, and the change was probably the only way adequately to back up stroke; but on the other hand it has had a very marked effect on the bows of the boat, for the boat is no longer connected up, with the result that it seems difficult for them to recover themselves if put out of rhythm, for instance, by a bad wash from a tug.

As a crew they row in quite a nice style, as they are long, fair in rhythm, and with good leg-work. They would look quite attractive but for their crooked swing, but this fault makes them rather ponderous, and the irregularity of their feather only adds to this effect. Individually they have too many elementary faults. One cannot help feeling that the new members of the crew have not been coached sufficiently individually, but have been brought on too much as a crew in the earlier stages of practice. Mr. Gold will have rather a difficult task of bringing them on fast as a crew when he must necessarily attend to some minor details which ought to have been eradicated before the crew came to Putney. In this respect Cambridge are really superior, as they have obviously been very strictly drilled, and have more uniformity in details, which may be small things in themselves, but which may just prevent a crew from falling to pieces in a very hard race.

The two crews this year are about up to the average of 'Varsity eights, though some of the individuals are undoubtedly above that standard. In the Oxford boat the three stern oars are conspicuous—in fact, it is their superiority that gives the boat its disjointed appearance. In the Cambridge crew six, seven and four strike one most favourably. Mr. Arbuthnot at stroke is doing very well, and would do better work still if he could refrain from shooting his slide at the beginning of the stroke. This fault may be very detrimental to the crew, as it tends to make him short. It is a fault, moreover, that is bound to become more accentuated in a hard race when the back muscles get tired; and Mr. Arbuthnot has to remember he has got some heavy men behind him, who want every inch of length he can give them to be effective. Oxford have been strong favourites all through the practice, at first according to custom, as the winners of the last year's race are invariably deemed superior, a conclusion that is always rather hard to follow. During the middle stages of training the dark blue crew were the more advanced, and undoubtedly the faster. But when the two eights came to Putney, and there were opportunities for closer comparison, it was seen that in reality there was not a very great difference in their paces.

Two trial courses were rowed, one by Cambridge when there was no wind, and one by Oxford when the wind was slight. There was a difference of nearly a quarter of a minute in Cambridge's favour, and as the wind was in places favourable to Oxford, the general remarks were to the effect that Oxford were the slower crew. In fact most of those who had been writing that Oxford were by far the faster were somewhat dumbfounded. It might almost have been thought that it was generally known by this time that the most favourable conditions for Putney exist when there is no wind, as the "S"-shaped course makes any wind at one time following and then head at different points of the course. And a following wind down one reach does not compensate for a head wind in another.

In all probability the two full courses of the crews show that they are nearly equal as regards pace in practice rows. When one crew does not possess a marked superiority in pace, other considerations must be taken to enable an opinion to be formed as to which crew will race better. Generally the best criterion of this is the manner in which the two crews deal with the scratch eights that pace them in their rows. The way Oxford for the last two years have shown their superiority in this respect has been very marked, and assured supporters of their ultimate success. However, this year it cannot be said that either crew can claim this distinction, though Oxford up to the present have done slightly better.

On the other hand Cambridge are obviously the better watermen and go through rough water in a very creditable style. Oxford certainly cannot be said to be at their best under these conditions, and yet they mostly were at Eton, where they had every opportunity of learning watermanship. However, they are inclined to lose their form in rough water and do not seem to be able to recover for some time.

The race this year will be a very close contest. The result will greatly depend on the weather, as a rough day will certainly favour Cambridge. But with their superior swing and sharper beginning Oxford should be first at Mortlake.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SUFFRAGETTES AND THE CENSUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 Coram Street W.C. 22 March 1911.

SIR,—In a paragraph in your last week's issue you jeer at Suffragists for adopting the Census boycott, saying that it is as silly as most things that we do. Such a remark does not do credit to the SATURDAY REVIEW, for it betrays ignorance. It is an aphorism that people laugh at that which they do not understand.

When we announced our intention of adopting the Census boycott, at first most of the papers adopted the attitude which you now show of sneering at it as futile and silly. But as time went on and they realised that the women were in deadly earnest, that the two militant societies had adopted it wholeheartedly, and that numbers of the so-called constitutional Suffragists had announced their intention of joining in it, even to the extreme of declaring that they will go to prison if necessary, the general tone of the Press has changed. Now the outcry is against the wickedness and enormity of destroying a national record, which, they say, will hurt the women as much as the men.

As you have not yet reached this stage you will perhaps allow me to prevent you from entering upon it by putting the case before you.

The Census is very important, and it affects the whole nation. Woman Suffrage is very important, but as yet the whole nation is apathetic to its necessity. If the women's attitude affects the whole nation, the whole nation will be obliged to wake up.

Again, much of the future legislation is to be of a domestic character and will of necessity be based on the Census returns. The whole question of the labour of married women, the question of State insurance, the question of infantile mortality, the tendency to exclude women from trades from which they are at present ousting the men—in short, the sweating question—all these will be based on the valuable statistics to be obtained from the new Census. But the point is that in all this type of legislation the woman's point of view is imperative, if it is to be fair and salutary to the nation.

I have set before you a few of the reasons why, until women count in the nation, they refuse to be counted. May I now add that in the "Times" of 20 March Mrs. Pankhurst has asserted the intention of her followers to give of their own accord to the Census authorities all the particulars now to be withheld if at any time

during this Session a Woman Suffrage Bill becomes law.

Yours etc.,

EMILY WILDING DAVISON B.A.

[Our correspondent seems to think that silliness and mischief cannot go together. Her suffragette friends have abundantly proved that they can.—ED. S.R.]

#### THE COPTS IN EGYPT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

75 Avenue Chambers, Bloomsbury Square,  
London W.C., 14 March 1911.

SIR,—According to special cables published in London last week, it appears that Sir Eldon Gorst has done his best to prevent the Copts of Egypt meeting in assembly at Assiout. This meeting was of an entirely peaceful nature, and by his fruitless endeavours to suppress it, it seems to me that Sir Eldon Gorst has put his Government in a position of ridicule. Then, finding that Government threats were useless, more seeds of discord were sown by the letter written by the Coptic Patriarch, a letter which, as a matter of fact, has been disregarded by almost every Copt in the country. Surely it is the first duty of a Consul-General to promote good feeling among the people he legislates for. It has been thought for a long time past that the claims of Coptic Egyptians met with small favour at the British Agency in Cairo, and Sir Eldon Gorst's present action seems to confirm this. Several attempts were made (after first consulting influential Moslems, who declared that the injustice done to the Copts was solely due to British policy and was not of Moslem origin) to have the matter settled quietly at the Agency. Nothing was done; promises were at first made, then we were told that we had no grievances.

No one has once doubted the friendship of the Coptic community towards Britain, and it is surely unfair of Sir Eldon Gorst to continue to ignore our claims to rank on equal terms with other Egyptians. The publicity given to the question lately is the last resort, after every other means of obtaining justice had been tried and failed.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL.

#### "VERITAS" AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 March 1911.

SIR,—I should best study my self-respect if I wholly ignored the letter, which appears in your issue of this date signed by Mr. F. Dixon, but with your very kind courtesy and permission I desire to answer it, certainly not in the same very questionable spirit, because the writer who answered my letter to you of 31 December 1910 has failed to reply to my further letter of 14 January 1911. He signed his letter anonymously as "Christian Scientist" and so indulged as a professed member or connexion of the organisation in the very thing which Mr. Dixon condemns in me. It is perfectly manifest "Christian Scientist" could not answer my charges, so Mr. Dixon, unfortunately, for the cause, steps in, and tries to cloud the issue by irrelevant remarks. Every time he does so, he only gives his case completely away and also does great harm to this fast decaying cause in London. The public are certainly not deceived by Mr. Dixon's remarks as to anonymous letters, since I and others have a perfect right to withhold our names if we so desire, with the Editor's approval and permission, and because we do so the absolute truth of all our statements is not affected in the least thereby. I sign myself "Veritas", first out of self-respect, and because, like many others, I am so deeply and heartily ashamed to think that I was ever so foolish as to be once drawn into this highly dangerous and disreputable movement. Also, I am not fond of parading my name in public.

I speak from actual experience, as I used to go to the so-called healers, whilst I have a knowledge of all

the inner workings of this most pernicious of all modern sects, whose teachings and acts are based solely on hypnotism or suggestion, as the case of the ex-healer I quoted in Dr. Paget's book confirms. This Mr. Dixon very conveniently ignores. As regards the cases quoted from Dr. Paget's book, they are all authentic, as he states, and I prefer to believe him before Mr. Dixon at any time. It is quite clear that the cases quoted in "Science and Health" under a chapter headed "Fruitage" have been abundantly proved to be utterly worthless and wholly unreliable, and one has only to attend the Wednesday evening testimony meetings at their so-called churches in London to hear the hysterical nonsense uttered by those who claim to be healed. The books I have referred to, written by educated, impartial people, are full of the truth as to this cult. Mr. Dixon desires the public to know and read his side only, but there happens to be another side, and because it has revealed the great fraud and imposture, and the actual truth as to this ignorant, ill-educated body, he very conveniently always terms such works "abuse". Such is no argument or answer to stern facts. Further, whenever he is fixed in a corner he always advances the utterly ridiculous and feeble argument that the failures in Christian Science are infinitesimal as compared with those in medical science, but he always again conveniently forgets that medical science and surgery have never made the same pretensions, ignorant and arrogant claims which this American Mission makes. For any human creed to pass out of the range of possible criticism is itself a crowning condemnation, and this cult has fully merited such. The movement will ever rank as one of the greatest money-making impostures the world has ever seen, and as another inexpressibly sad example in the sordid history of human credulity and folly.

Yours etc., VERITAS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

604 S. Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.,  
2 March 1911.

SIR,—"Veritas" apparently imagines that the members of the medical profession are the only people who are capable of healing sickness!

I am not a Christian Scientist, but I know that the sect makes many wonderful cures. It has a part of the truth only—there is something much deeper than it.

May I be allowed to give my own experience for what it is worth? I have been troubled with catarrh of the face and a growth of polypi in both nostrils, have been quite deaf in one ear all my life, and very deaf in the other for several years past, have had a nasty cough for years, attended by difficulty in breathing. Finding that doctors and medicines were doing no good, apparently only making matters worse, I decided to try a "divine healer," whose card I had often noticed in a window. To cut a long story short, the result was almost magical; two treatments got rid of the cough, and in about six weeks I was cured, without touching a drug. That is two years ago this March, and I have enjoyed perfect health since, with the exception of one or two slight colds; and I can hear what people say as I walk the streets, the ear which has been deaf all my life being now the best. These are facts, and if any of your readers should care for further particulars I shall be only too happy to supply them.

"Veritas" friends say Christian Science cures by hypnotism, as if that damned the system; on the principle, I suppose, of "give a dog a bad name and hang him"! As long as suffering people are cured of their complaints, what does it matter by what name it is called? You cannot frighten people nowadays with names. Who knows what hypnotism is—in its depths and heights?

Trusting that the egotism of this letter may be forgiven, but in order to establish truth personal experiences are unavoidable.

I remain, yours truly,

A. K. VENNING.



## REVIEWS.

## LETTERS OF A CLEVER WOMAN.

**"The Life of John Oliver Hobbes, told in her Correspondence." With a Biographical Sketch by her father, John Morgan Richards, and an Introduction by Bishop Welldon. London: Murray. 1911. 12s. net.**

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, like George Eliot, was, in regard to her mind, a man in woman's clothes; and we can pay a woman no higher compliment. Unlike George Eliot, John Oliver Hobbes was the daughter of a rich American, and her clothes were fashionable, and her style of living luxurious. It is certainly a great advantage for the man or woman who wishes to write that it should not be a matter of bread and butter: and yet the greatest works of genius have been produced under the pressure of actual want. Pearl Richards married, at the too early age of nineteen, a gentleman who was employed in the City, and whom she divorced after the birth of a son. There is no allusion to Mr. Craigie in this volume, and but the very briefest reference to the divorce. But one can see that it embittered the mind of the woman, and, subconsciously, induced her to take that cynical view of men and women, which is one of her charms, though it must offend many. Besides the ever present recollection that she had made a mistake in choosing a husband, there was another cause of the persistent note of irritation that runs through Mrs. Craigie's letters, her impatience of adverse criticism in the press. As a playwright, Mrs. Craigie was not a success. None of her plays was really successful, though her reputation as a novelist induced Mr. George Alexander to make experiments, which he certainly would not have done with an unknown name. "The Ambassador" had what the French call a success of reputation, and nothing more: while "The Wisdom of the Wise" and "The Flute of Pan" were distinct failures, the latter being "booed", which is unusual in this country. Mrs. Craigie was furious: she wrote reams to prove that "booing" was cowardly and outrageous, as well as being unphilosophical; she declared, *urbi et orbi*, that the critics were illiterate fools, and somewhat inconsistently that the public taste was incorrigibly bad. She even went so far as to maintain that the gallery and the pit were debarred by their physical position from seeing or hearing properly any play! This inability to suffer criticism was the most feminine streak in Mrs. Craigie's character, for as Mr. Moberly Bell said, in a very amusing letter which he wrote to the irate authoress, there was "only one thing that the Omnipotent had absolutely failed to create—a woman who could stand, I will not say adverse criticism, but one note of deviation from absolute and unqualified praise of any of her literary efforts . . . if we had said that 'The Flute of Pan' was equal in parts to 'Othello', you would still have resented the 'in parts'". And how her letters overflow with gratitude in soft caressing phrases to those friendly critics, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Sidney Low, who appreciated subtleties which were caviare to the pit and gallery! This is not the occasion to attempt an estimate of the place in the literature of fiction occupied by John Oliver Hobbes, which, as Mr. Moberly Bell cleverly put it, is somewhere between George Meredith and Marie Corelli. These letters are presumably published in order to give us an opportunity of judging Mrs. Craigie's value as a moral force, as a character and a mind impressing themselves on her generation. Mrs. Craigie had, as we have said, a masculine mind: that is, she was a lover of the truth, a hater of sham sentiment, and she saw things as they were, not as she or other people wanted them to be. How few, how very few women realise that a thing is not true because it would be awfully jolly if it were true! There is nothing the average woman hates so much as the truth. As Mrs. Craigie says, it is not the coarseness of Fielding that women object to, but his truth, his pitiless analysis of false love. Some of her sayings about her sex are severe,

as that the respectable English matron is, as a rule, coarser than the coarsest man. It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Craigie was strongly anti-feminist in politics. "I have not found women", she writes to a friend, "at all comparable with men—in the talents or nobler virtues. I have no confidence in the honour of the average woman or in her brains", a criticism strangely confirmed by a recent correspondence in the "Times" about the signature to a letter. Again, in the same letter, we have this terse saying about the primeval woman: "she paid the price of her supremacy by bearing children. Nowadays she wants supremacy without the pains of travail". These letters abound in clever observations, as that what we take to be enthusiasm is very often merely impatience: and the following passage: "My experience is that the average nobody is dreadfully shrewd—far, far shrewder than the really able man and woman. By a nobody, I don't mean a social nobody—I mean the individual we all have to consider and conciliate and touch—somehow—enfin, the indispensable negligible quantity. I hear constantly criticisms from outsiders of public affairs which would be thought masterly in persons of importance. Our splendid friend Disraeli realised this, and he spent his rare holidays studying the obscure who lived in villas near London! He foretold all the social phenomena we are now seeing. He was simply marvellous". And yet this worshipper of Disraeli, this woman, with the man's keen cynical outlook on life, joined the Church of Rome. Pages might be written on this fact: but without grudging we leave the priests of that Church to

"boast the triumph of a letter'd heart".

## A SUPERIOR PERSON ABROAD.

**"An Eastern Voyage." By Count Fritz von Hochberg. 2 vols. London: Dent. 1910. 31s. 6d. net.**

TO a man afflicted with a slight headache who wishes to sit at home in his arm-chair, without any danger of being instructed, or unduly excited, this book may safely be recommended. He can dip into it, turning over the leaves and skipping as the spirit moves him, without any fear of missing anything of value. It is just a chatty record of a very long journey, undertaken partly for the sake of painting—for Count von Hochberg is no mean artist—and perhaps, as certain passages tinged with melancholy seem here and there to suggest, to escape from that skeleton which is in every man's cupboard. Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, New Guinea and the Philippines, Hong Kong, Canton, Singapore, Burmah, India, Cashmere, Ceylon, Hong Kong again, Shanghai, and lastly Japan, to which half the second volume is devoted. Truly a colossal enterprise. But let the timid reader be reassured. Of all these countries very little is told. To New Guinea and the Philippine Islands, for instance, are allotted only twenty-two pages. On the other hand, there is a great deal about Count von Hochberg, with very special reference to what he ate, drank and avoided. There is a meal on almost every page. The author's likes and dislikes are recorded in language which will hardly insure him a welcome should he ever revisit the scenes of his travels. Of Australia he writes: "Never, thank goodness, have my eyes seen such a desolate, untidy, miserable country. . . . Fremantle clothed up in Sabbath virtuousness can't be called attractive . . . and what people! They remind one of the Czech miners of the lowest class, with insolent, dogged, daring, bad-tempered, sulky expressions . . . sallow complexioned people, men and women, with fallen-in cheeks, rough, common, unattractive. . . . Bush people, I can't describe them otherwise. . . . Melbourne is a straight, broad streeet, uninteresting largish town, somewhat suburban looking, with a vulgar looking crowd of people, and over-dressed, second-class looking women. In vain I looked for one really good-looking face". This tone continues until he reaches New South Wales, where he is made happier by green asparagus and the claret "certainly better than the French. Really uncommonly delicious". The peaches, too,

arouse his enthusiasm; otherwise Australia and her inhabitants have failed favourably to impress Count von Hochberg. One cannot but regret that, having received much kindness and hospitality, he should not have reflected that, even though he might speak courteously of those who were actually his hosts, he could not but hurt them by his cruel abuse of their country and of their fellows.

The truth seems to be that the younger civilisations have very little attraction for this German gentleman. Of the Americans whom he meets in a train he writes: "In the compartment were two of those odious Yankee females—one cannot really call them ladies, although they were richly dressed—whose cackling presence and awful twangy voices had driven me at Kyoto into the adjoining room for meals. For me the Americans are the most unpleasant nation; and the dialect and expressions they use! . . . This unnecessarily loud conversation is evidently meant to impress me. I'm sorry to say it has no effect on me. No American can ever be a lady, even if she gives herself the airs of one", etc., etc. "The old hyena" (the elder of the two ladies) "had begun to ask me all sorts of questions with the abrupt impertinence typical of her odious nation." This sort of thing might serve for the Count's letters to his most intimate correspondent, but to publish it seems to give the writer no claim to set up as a judge of good manners.

The most interesting portion of the book is that which deals with India and Cashmere, and here we have the benefit of Count von Hochberg's very skilful pencil. His illustrations to his journey are in most cases beautiful, and give one a pleasanter impression of the picturesque mountains of Cashmere than do his written diaries. Although he shows us fascinating views of the eternal solitudes of snow, he tells us frankly that in his judgment the beauty of the country has been grossly exaggerated, and he throws the blame on the famous book, "Where Three Empires Meet". He considers that for scenery it cannot compare with the Tyrol and other parts of Europe, and the sport he looks upon as being altogether a fraud. Regardless of the fact that his own pictures give the lie to his words, he considers himself to have been ill repaid for the hardships and even dangers which he had to face, and indeed these seem to have been very real, his account leaving an impression that would deter any but the strongest from facing them.

It is perhaps a little ungracious to find fault with the English of a book written by a foreigner. The author is obviously quite familiar with our language, indeed, our complaint would be that he is a little too familiar—the jargon of the fourth-form boy hardly lends itself to literature. "Nice" continually used as the highest praise applicable to an individual is not classical, and it rather shocks one to find a young Hindoo priest described as "awfully nice"—while "beastly" is as constantly used to indicate displeasure. Such a worn-out old joke as "little Mary" whenever the writer's digestion is out of order, which happens pretty often, strikes us as objectionably vulgar, and lays the book, in its gorgeous array plastered with armorial bearings, open to the very charges brought against the American ladies in fine clothes.

We rather wondered why the Count, being a German, should have chosen English as the language for his journals; but our wonder disappeared when we reached Japan in his company. Here, whenever he fell in with a fellow-countryman, he lashed out at him. They are all "Heil-dir-im-Sieger-kranz"—his equivalent for "jingo"—and he contrasts them most unfavourably with our people. He meets a distinguished German scientist and his wife, hunting for Aino skulls, and a young Prussian infantry captain with long nails—"My God, how stiff and formal we Germans are!" The captain, not being enamoured of Japan, is mercilessly attacked. "Why, in my eyes he was one of the worst asses living! . . . then these people never have any sports. No wonder they get bored. Now take a young English officer in an outlandish post; he's as happy as a lark; he shoots and rides, etc. Whereas this man grows

long nails. Of course he was delighted to hear German again, and to be able to talk it again, and he and the F's sat endlessly on, and drank, of course—*Bier!*" (The italics are the author's.)

Not even the sacred person of the Kaiser's Ambassador is safe from the slings and arrows of this terrible Teuton's satire. "With the wealth of the present most amiable Ambassador, Mr. Bernheimer from Munich, the famous upholsterer and curiosity dealer, has had his full swing here (the German Embassy), with his stereotype gilded Louis XIV. furniture covered with the inevitable stereotype red damask, etc., etc. It is all very fine, pompous and respectable, and on the whole the rooms are nice, although, to tell the truth, one is astonished not to find a red cord in front of each room as one sees them in furniture exhibitions, with the notice up, 'The public are requested not to touch the objects', and on the chairs the price of the room from £300 to £3000". When we read Count von Hochberg we are tempted to parody a famous exclamation, and cry "How these Germans love one another!" And so Count von Hochberg is wise to write in English.

Of Japan there is but a scanty account—mercifully; for although the author knows not the language and has apparently made the acquaintance of only middle-class Japanese and servants, he is careful repeatedly to assure us that he belongs to that, according to him, rare body of the elect who alone understand the people—and we know what that means in a tourist's book. On the other hand, the pictures of Japan, like those of Cashmere, are charming. For one, a view of Mount Fuji soaring out of the clouds behind the Hakoné Lake, we are specially grateful. It is a gem. We may envy Count von Hochberg his artistic talent, and even more, perhaps, that faculty which enables him to wander over a world peopled by vulgarians and Philistines, strong in the consciousness of being the one superior person.

#### AMATEUR ARCHÆOLOGY.

"The Dawn of Mediterranean Civilisation." By Angelo Mosso. Translated by Marian C. Harrison. London: Unwin. 1910. 16s. net.

ANGELO MOSSO has died between the appearance of this book in its original form and its submission to a reviewer in an English dress. It has on this account a pathetic interest; for it was in the search for lost health that Mosso came into contact with Cretan excavators, and was seized with the desire to share their work and their discoveries, which dominated what was left to him of life. He had had little or no previous training in archaeology proper, but was less sensible of his deficiencies than a younger man might have been. High official rank gave him a certain influence with his compatriot diggers in Crete and with the authorities of the service of antiquities in Italy; and he succeeded in obtaining permission both to dig, without his scientific qualifications being too closely examined, and to anticipate the publication of some discoveries made by others. In the matter of illustrations especially he was unsparing in his efforts to get novel material, and, using this as an attraction, he issued two books during his last years, of which the first, on Cretan palaces, was a general conspectus of Cretan discoveries up to date such as any cultivated amateur who had visited the island would have been quite justified in writing. The second, now before us in an English translation, is a more ambitious attempt to make an original contribution to prehistoric study; but it is, to our mind, a less justifiable book than the first, because, as almost every page bears witness, the author had not had, on the one hand, time or opportunity to master either the archaeology or the literature of his vast subject, nor, on the other, enough experience of excavation to appreciate the evidence obtained in the diggings at

(Continued on page 370).



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which he assisted. A good part of this second book is devoted to records of some pitting under the earliest palatial foundations at Phæstos in Crete, which the author helped to supervise, and of dispersed diggings of rather a haphazard kind in Italy and Sicily. None of these experiments yielded results of much moment, and such of their results as might be of some importance cannot be accepted with confidence in view of the author's hazy state of mind about the stratification of Cretan remains and his defects of criticism and observation. His comparative archæology of the Mediterranean is rendered peculiarly unsound by an apparent inability to distinguish accidental from essential resemblances—an inability due of course to lack of experience. We have to do, in short, with amateur archæology in this rather ponderous tome. But while the mass of its matter aims at being archæological, and is rather dry at that, there is a good deal which is pertinent to other sciences in which Mosso was an expert, viz. physical anthropology and geology. On such matters the author's views are valuable, and his comments, though often diffuse and garrulous, show independence and discernment. He adds the voice of a geologist and an observer of Ægean art to others which have been raised of late to question the pleistocene date attributed by Breuil and Cartailhac to the cave-paintings of Southern France and Northern Spain, and he evidently inclines to a neolithic date at earliest and to recognition of some artistic cousinship with Minoan art. His acquaintance with the pintaderas, or primitive stamps used for printing patterns on the human skin, has led him to suggest a very plausible explanation of the use for which many primitive so-called seal-stones were intended. His craniological knowledge enables him to speak with authority on the physical characteristics of the Mediterranean race, to testify to its persistence in historic times despite northern immigration, and to explode the theory of a Carian element in Crete which was maintained by Dörpfeld. As a geologist Mosso bears witness to the presence of copper at Chrysocamino, in Crete, and, in larger quantities, on the dependent islet of Gavdo. It must be seen whether there is any sign of workings so ancient as Minoan times in these cupriferous strata, before we agree that Cretan copper explains the first appearance of the worked metal in Crete; and in any case Mosso's emphatic rejection of Cyprus as a source of it seems to be based on misinformation. The old mines of Limni in that island are far more extensive and rich than he was aware. They have been tried anew in quite recent times, and the failure to work them at a profit was due not to lack of copper ore but to persistent flooding. Mosso himself does not seem to have been oversure that his Cretan copper was mined by the Minoans, for in one passage he indicates Egypt (with most archæologists) as the place whence Crete first obtained copper. That an immense abundance of implements in that metal was in use in the Nile Valley under the earliest dynasties and even in pre-dynastic days is amply proved by the numerous sets of model copper tools found in graves at Abydos and elsewhere. About this fact, however, as about other things Egyptian—e.g. the most accepted views on Pharaonic chronology—Mosso shows himself ill-informed.

Although the guise in which his last book has been presented to English readers is obviously devised to attract a general cultivated public, only specialists can safely use its text. These will profit by many things in it, by the discussion, for instance, on the abnormal development of the female form known as steatopygy, and by that on fish-bone necklaces, which introduces a reasonable explanation of the great class of whorl-shaped beads. But they will be most grateful for the illustrations, without exception excellently reproduced, which include several objects either not previously published or published in periodicals which are difficult of access—e.g. the inscribed Archânes "lamp" on page 33, which should rather be named a scoop, or ladle, used for some ritual purpose. But the irony of it is that those who can best use the book will be just those who will inevitably discount its archæological authority.

#### HOTTENTOTS AND KAFIRS.

"The Yellow and Dark-skinned People of Africa South of the Zambesi." By George McCall Theal. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1910. 10s. 6d.

HAVING completed his revision in eight volumes of the "History of South Africa", Dr. Theal adds a supplement on ethnology, collecting and rewriting the ethnographical chapters from the larger work. The time of publication is opportune, since the Union of British South Africa has vested in one Government the responsibility for administering the native races of the sub-continent. Of the peoples covered by this book the Matabele and Mashona of Southern Rhodesia, the Gaza of Lourenço Marquez, the Namaqua, Damara, Herero and Ovambo of German South-West Africa, are outside the Union territories, but for the first time in history a single administration is charged with the governance of the Bantu nations of the Xosa, Pondo, Fingo, Zulu, Basuto, Bechuana, and all their sub-tribes. The need for something approximating to a common native policy has long been felt, but it is to be hoped that the passion for unification will not lead to disregard of local conditions, or to the application of the Transvaal standard to the rest of South Africa.

This supplementary volume is a storehouse of facts. Dr. Theal is an authority on Bantu folk-lore, and gives specimens of this and of Hottentot and Bushman stories, but his pen is not of the romantic order. Still, he has had enough personal contact with the Bantu of the Transkei territories to redeem him from any suspicion of belonging entirely to the order of study-naturalists. A chaste and sober pen it is that he wields: not in these pages shall we find wild rites and savage customs described with the repulsively curious minuteness of the German savant or the easy-going inquisitiveness of the French explorer. But since investigations into the precise degree of beastliness (as the historic midshipman would say) attained by primitive ceremonies are an aberration from the true path of anthropology, the book is none the worse for its discretion. The author rather avoids the stereotyped terms of the anthropologist, and takes a great many words to explain to the plain man that no coast Bantu could marry agnatic kinswomen, some tribes extending the prohibition to cognates, while the Basuto and Bechuana earn the contempt of the Zulu by marrying their cousins indiscriminately. The passages on the decreasing rate of productiveness among the Bantu and its causes are of very great interest, political as well as sociological. They still seem likely to remain by far the largest element in the population of South Africa. The Bushmen, hunted like vermin by Hottentot, Bantu, and European in turn, have almost vanished, leaving their strange cave paintings, and fragments of incoherent folk-lore. There is some slight evidence of the existence of an earlier race, which seems to have been completely extirpated. The Hottentots in Cape Colony have lost their language and their tribal identity (which at best was very loose), and have become blended with other races. The "Cape boys" or "coloured people" (for in South Africa "coloured" never means black) must in the main be of Hottentot origin. But it is only in and near German territory that a Hottentot nation still exists in the shape of the Namaqua. Daring ethnologists have attempted to connect the Hottentots with the ancient Egyptians, and Dr. Theal suggests that some twenty-five centuries ago in what is now Somaliland Hamitic conquerors probably took to themselves women from the Bushmen, and founded the barbarous pastoral race that gradually wandered to the Southern sea on whose shores the Dutch pioneers found them established. That the Bantu, again, represent a mixture of blood is patent even to the casual observer who notes the great diversity of colour to be found in the same tribe. Dr. Theal examines carefully the evidence to be found in classical and Mohammedan writers, which justifies no very definite conclusions. But the Bantu certainly spring from a blend of the negro with lighter-skinned and higher races.

For this Week's Books see page 372.



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## BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA CO.

The Year's Operations Reviewed.—Prospects  
Considered Bright.

THE Seventh Annual General Meeting of the British Central Africa Company, Limited, was held on 21 March at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate Place, E.C. Sir J. D. Rees, K.C.I.E., C.V.O. (the chairman of the Company), presided.

The Secretary (Mr. H. Folliott) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditor.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said: The operations of the twelve months ended 30 June, 1910, exhibit features more satisfactory than those of previous years, except in so far as they depended upon the seasons. The balance-sheet and the profit and loss account are before you, and the latter shows a profit of £23,262 16s. 3d., including interest due, but not yet paid, on Shire Highlands Railway debentures. You have in recollection the extraordinary general meeting, held on 31 May last, when the prior lien and first charge debenture-holders waived the whole amount of the accumulated interest, which appeared in the balance-sheet of the year ended 30 June, 1909, and, further, all interest from that date to the end of 1915, after which the interest will only be payable if, and as, earned in each year—conditions far more favourable to the Company, of course, than if such interest had retained its original cumulative character. As a result of the surrender made by the owners of the prior lien and first charge debentures, the board has been able to write off the balance on the appropriation account, as well as all expenses connected with the various debenture issues, besides utilising the remainder in making allowances for depreciation in respect of various assets. You will observe in the balance-sheet that the £100,000 loan still standing to debit on 30 June, 1910, has since been paid off, with the exception of a small balance, which will also be liquidated during the current year. Moreover, the proceeds of the “A” and “B” certificates, which were issued after 30 June, 1910, have not yet been entered in the balance-sheet of the year under review, and this credit, when taken into account, will enable the directors to further write down the assets of the Company and to commence the creation of a reserve.

Though the season of 1909-10 has, taken on the whole, not been unsatisfactory, coffee and tobacco suffered from drought in the beginning of 1910. The coffee trees were most severely affected, and our tobacco had to be replanted, which, of course, resulted in a diminished crop. Cotton, however, yielded a very satisfactory harvest, the outturn being about 75 tons, against 34 tons in the previous year. The quality was fully maintained, and it is now established that the upland American variety can be grown successfully year after year. As the Lancashire spinners are very anxious to receive this cotton in larger quantities, prospects of large and continuous developments are assured. In conjunction with the Cotton-growing Association, this Company has, therefore, in 1910, increased its acreage under cotton from 1800 acres to 4000

acres, and as the reports up to the present are satisfactory, the board looks forward to a largely-increased harvest during the current season, when over 200 tons should be gathered, which will enable the Company to make further large extensions in 1911-12. These favourable prospects must lead to further cultivation, and a considerable area of the Company's land has, in fact, been taken up by planters and others for cotton cultivation. As to tobacco, although the past season has been unfavourable, owing to the sudden drought, there has been no diminution in the efforts which the Company and other planters have made to put a larger quantity of tobacco of the American, Virginia and Kentucky varieties on the English market. Great interest has been taken by the tobacco trade in this country in the development of the Nyasaland product, which by all experts is pronounced to be an excellent substitute for that hitherto imported from America, and here, again, it is the experimental planting of our own Company which has opened the way to that brilliant future which, given proper communications, is assured.

A proof that the favourable conditions for profitable planting are at length being recognised is found in the fact that a considerable acreage of land has been taken up by local planters and new settlers, that 5000 acres have been already sold and leased by the board, and that further applications have been received. The Company has also shared in promoting a syndicate for growing Upland cotton, which was started under the best auspices on land near the railway, where 5000 acres have been leased from the Company, with an option of a further 5000 acres, to the Uplands Plantation Syndicate, Limited, with a further option of purchase at 15s. per acre. Another company has been formed for the same purpose under the name of the Nyasa Cotton Estates, Limited, which is now selecting 2000 acres of the Company's land, with the option of a further 2000 acres, and with the further option of purchase at 15s. per acre. The Company has also since been approached by influential people connected with the tobacco trade in London, with a view to leasing or purchasing some 10,000 to 15,000 acres for the purpose of growing tobacco, Upland cotton, and rubber. Negotiations are proceeding in this behalf. Several other estates are under option with different groups which have for their object the cultivation of cotton, tobacco, and also oil-producing crops, such as ground nuts, castor oil, seeds, &c. It is anticipated that a considerable acreage of the Company's original lands and also of the land grants which the Company is now receiving from the Government will be opened out during this year, and assistance is being given by the board to all who show a disposition to aid in the development of the colony.

In regard to the Shire Highlands Railway, you may remember, when I addressed you last year, the Company was in negotiation with the engineers to the Government, the Crown Agents and the Colonial Office regarding the issue of the certificate of completion. You will be glad to hear that an agreement was reached as to the requirements of Government, and three sections, each of twenty miles, have been completed to the Government consulting engineers' satisfaction, and certificates in respect of these sixty miles, authorising the grant of the corresponding subsidy lands, have been obtained.

A recent traveller and very competent judge, Mr. M. de P. Webb, writes that “The railway from Port Herald to Blantyre is undoubtedly the best laid in South Africa.” This is high praise, and, at any rate, the line has been working to the entire satisfaction of the public, and there have been no serious washaways or stoppages, which, you will agree with me, speaks very well for the character of the construction of a pioneer line in a tropical country. The approximate gross receipts of the railway in the year were £21,787, and the approximate net receipts £11,000, which shows that it has been worked at the very satisfactory rate of some 46 per cent. for working charges. These figures speak well for the future earning capacity of the line. The £11,000 of net earnings has not been received by the British Central Africa Company, Limited, but has been used to complete the Government's requirements. The expenditure under the heading is now nearing an end, when the earnings will be really available. The railway exported some 4809 tons and carried some 4168 tons of imports, as well as carrying during the year a total of 12,967 passengers. The future prospects of the line are decidedly encouraging, but for their realisation two things are necessary—viz., extension of railway communication, first to the head of navigable water at Villa Bocage and ultimately to the coast, and the concentration of Nyasaland labour for Nyasaland. Both these are proper subjects for treatment by Government, both cry aloud for attention, and, in regard to both, the Administration can count upon the earnest co-operation of your board. I move the adoption of the report and accounts, and shall be glad to answer any questions.

Mr. Colin F. Campbell seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to without discussion.

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